

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLIII.—NO. 21. NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 29, 1910. WHOLE NUMBER 8,558.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY—
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.
101 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1865, and is now in its forty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the State, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household hints. It is one of the few newspapers in the State which has a limited space given to advertising in its valuable business columns.

TERMS: \$100 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 6 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Special rates given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 255, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Erik Christensen, President; Anton Christensen Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WAGON, No. 6720, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Deane, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Goughlin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. J. Connelley, President; Mrs. M. J. Dennohy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE TRINITY, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine Curley; Secretary, Mrs. M. J. Dennohy. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ARMED THOMAS OAKS, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Charles Doherty; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor; Commander, Robert H. Cranklin; Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. of P.—Sir Robert Knight, Master; Sir J. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

OLAN LODGE, No. 183—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lock, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

D. A. R. Birthday.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barker in the town of Portsmouth presented a pretty and animated scene on Thursday when the fourteenth anniversary of William Ellery Channing, Daughters of the American Revolution, was celebrated by a birthday party. The house was attractively decorated with patriotic colors, and the dining room where the members of the chapter were entertained at dinner was especially well decorated.

In the afternoon the members enjoyed themselves as best pleased them and to the evening the merry male members of the families of the Chapter made their appearance to enjoy a social time. There was a large gathering and everything passed off delightfully.

The new year books of the chapter for the season of 1910-1911, which had been prepared by Mrs. Edward A. Brown and printed at the MERCURY Office, were distributed to the members and were much admired.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the aldermen was held on Thursday evening when weekly bills and payrolls were approved. A petition for a gas light on Thurston avenue was referred to Alderman Shepley and he approved the petition if there is money to pay the bill. A petition from Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier for permission to plant trees in front of her estate on Narragansett avenue was approved and referred to the street commissioner.

The matter of abandoning a section of the proposed Washington street boulevard was again called up, but was laid on the table for a week pending an investigation as to the exact status of the matter. On recommendation of Alderman Albro the Old Colony Street Railway was given permission to erect certain poles.

The matter of selecting wardens and supervisors for the first election under the new district law was then taken up, and they were elected. There was some opposition to some of the nominations.

A milk wagon belonging to Harvey T. Copeland was badly demolished in a runaway accident on Summer street Thursday morning.

Preparing for Election.

The State election will take place on Tuesday, November 8, and all the necessary legal machinery to provide for the election is being prepared in the office of the secretary of state in Providence and the city clerk in Newport. Inasmuch as this is the first election under the new district law there is much more complication than usually occurs but the legal points have been pretty thoroughly discussed and City Clerk Fullerton is prepared to carry out the law as it is interpreted.

In the first and fifth representative districts there will be but one polling place for each, but in the second there will be two and in the third and fourth there will be three each. In each instance the regular voting place is called voting district No. 1, while temporary booths will be installed for the other voting districts. These have all been built and will be installed next week.

The sample ballots for the State election, and also the sample city ballots on the liquor question will be posted by City Messenger Westcott next Monday in compliance with the law. The last day for paying personal property taxes in order to be qualified to vote at the State election is next Tuesday night, and all those personal property voters who have not paid their taxes by midnight of that day will have their names removed from the voting lists on the following day when the board of aldermen will make the final canvass for the election.

The board of aldermen have designated the voting places as follows, and it behooves every voter to find out in advance where he is going to vote as there will be many changes from former elections:

First Representative District—Wardroom in engine house No. 2, Bridge street.

Second Representative District—Wardroom of No. 4 engine house, Equality Park; second voting district, temporary voting house on West side of West Broadway, south of Burnside avenue.

Third Representative District, voting district 1—Wardroom, No. 1 engine house, Mill street; second voting district, temporary voting house on north side of Calvert street, near Broadway; third voting district, temporary voting house on West side of West Broadway, near Marlborough street.

Fourth Representative District, voting district 1—Store to Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society building, 398 Thames street; second voting district, temporary voting house on south side of Pelham street, near Spring; third voting district, temporary voting house on north side of Ferry street, near Spring.

Fifth Representative District—Hibernian hall, formerly Grace chapel, Wellington avenue, near Thames street.

The board of aldermen have selected the following to act as moderators and clerks of the new districts, in accordance with the law:

First representative district—Moderator, Joseph S. Lawton; clerk, Benjamin Lawton.

Second representative district—Voting district 1—Moderator, Allen G. Goddard; clerk, Robert C. Ebbs. Voting district 2—Moderator, Timothy F. Leary; clerk, Dennis Houlihan.

Third representative district—Voting district 1—Moderator, Augustus P. Oakley; clerk, Henry T. Harvey, Jr. Voting district 2—Moderator, Henry T. Provost; clerk, Charles T. Murphy. Voting district 3—Moderator, Richard H. Wheeler, Jr.; clerk, Charles E. Davenport.

Fourth representative district—Voting district 1—Moderator, Michael R. Connolly; clerk, Thomas L. Doyle. Voting district 2—Moderator, Andrew J. DeBelle; clerk, William H. Tobin. Voting district 3—Moderator, Charles Dawson; clerk, Michael B. Bonayue.

Fifth representative district—Moderator, James F. Shooky; clerk, Patrick B. Martin.

Verdict for Bailey Hairs.

In the Superior Court on Friday afternoon of last week the jury in the Bailey case against the Old Colony Street Railway Company returned a verdict for the plaintiffs in the sum of \$5000, which was considerably less than the amount at the last trial but more than the \$3000 to which the verdict was reduced by the higher court.

Friday afternoon was devoted to arguments by counsel and the summing up by the court. The jury retired at about 5 o'clock and about 9 o'clock announced that it was ready to report. The foreman announced the verdict for the plaintiff for \$5000. Immediately after the proper entry had been made on the records the court was adjourned to meet according to law.

During the trial a number of exceptions were noted by defendants' counsel and it is regarded as possible that these may be made a basis for an appeal.

Miss Mary Adeline Frances Sullivan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Sullivan, was united in marriage on Tuesday to Mr. Francis Joseph Corridon, the well known ball player. The ceremony was performed at St. Mary's Rectory and the marriage was a very quiet affair.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Proud have returned from Greenwich, Conn.

Channing Anniversary.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the Unitarian Church in Newport has been observed at the Channing Memorial Church this week. At the regular morning service last Sunday, the minister, Rev. William Bradford Jones, delivered an historical address, partly taken from an address by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks in 1875, and brought down to date by himself. At the vesper service there was a large attendance and special music was rendered by the regular choir augmented by the choir of the United Congregational Church. Addresses were delivered by Rev. John Day of Fall River, Rev. Augustus M. Lord, D. D., of Providence, and Rev. Gustavus A. Hubert of the United Congregational Church. Rev. Mr. Jones announced that the service next Sunday will be a memorial to the late Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The reception and reunion which was held at the Channing Parlor on Monday evening was a complete success in every particular. Several former ministers of the church, including Rev. George W. Cutler; Rev. Charles W. Wendte, and Rev. A. P. Record, were present and were warmly greeted by their old friends. Addresses were delivered, music was enjoyed and refreshments were served. The rooms were very attractively decorated and presented a beautiful appearance.

As the guests entered the room they were conducted by the ushers to the receiving line, where they were welcomed by the trustees and the present and former pastors.

Dr. A. E. Squire presided at the formal exercises and extended a hearty welcome to all. The first speaker was Rev. Dr. Cutler, and he was followed by Rev. Mr. Wendte, Rev. A. P. Record, and Rev. Joseph Cooper, the latter extending congratulations on behalf of the Minister's Union. Miss Susan J. Weaver read several essays of a feminine nature, which were well received.

Rev. Mr. Jones, the present minister, spoke upon the work of the church today, and at the conclusion of his remarks refreshments were served and a social time was enjoyed. The exercises were interspersed with music by Miss Alva Marsh, Dr. H. H. Lottier, and Mrs. Clifton T. Holman.

Mr. E. C. Knight, Jr., of Philadelphia, who recently purchased the Carson Property on the cliffs, known as "Reef Point," is planning extensive changes to be completed before another season. The old house, there will be removed, and a brick garage, with limestone trimmings will be erected, as well as an attractive gardeners' lodge. The cliff walk at that point will also be sunk below the level of the grounds. These improvements will add considerably to the appearance and convenience of Mr. Knight's estate, "Clarendon Court."

Joseph L. Dutra, formerly of Newport, is held in Massachusetts to await the action of the grand jury on a charge of bigamy. He was married some years ago to a Newport woman and afterward went away leaving her with several small children. The police obtained evidence that he was married again in Whitman, Mass., last April, and his arrest followed. Since his arraignment in Massachusetts his Newport wife has died, but the prosecution will be continued.

The first fall practice march of the apprentice battalion from the Naval Training Station was held in Newport on Thursday afternoon and the boys made an excellent showing. Although there was a considerable number of recruits among the number, they all marched well and presented a fine appearance. The streets were lined with spectators as it had been a considerable time since the boys had been seen here before.

Mr. Patrick F. McGowan of New York, a former Newport boy, has suggested to Mayor Boyle that he may be able to secure an ornamental clock tower for Newport. A number of these fountains of a value of about \$1000 each are being placed by the National Humane Alliance and it occurred to Mr. McGowan that Newport might desire one. The matter is being considered by the board of aldermen.

The Young Republicans of Providence held a very enthusiastic ratification meeting and dinner Wednesday night. Governor Pothier, Lieutenant Governor Bliss, Congressman Sheffield and Congressman-to-be Uter were the Speakers. There were a large number from Newport.

The Young Men's Colored Republican Club of Providence has adopted resolutions endorsing William Pattee Sheffield for Congress from this district.

City Clerk Fullerton proposes to send out notices to all the voters in the small voting districts as to where they must go to vote on election day.

Recent Deaths.

Louis L. Lorillard.
Mr. Louis L. Lorillard of this city died in Paris on Saturday last after having been in failing health for some time. He had gone abroad with his family in the spring and his health had been apparently benefited by the change. Preparations had been made for the return to Newport early next month when Mr. Lorillard was taken suddenly seriously ill and died in a short time. The remains will be shipped to this country on the steamer sailing on November 2nd and the interment will take place in Newport.

Mr. Lorillard was a member of the well known family of that name, being a son of Peter and Catherine Griswold Lorillard, and was connected with many of the prominent families of New York and Newport. He had made his permanent home in Newport for many years, being a legal resident and voter here. From an aunt, the late Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, he inherited the beautiful estate "Vinland" on the cliffs which he occupied for a few seasons and then sold to the late Hamilton McKay Twombly. For the past few years he had occupied the King cottage on Oakwood Terrace.

Mr. Lorillard was a member of the exclusive clubs of New York and Newport. He had formerly taken a great interest in political affairs, but had never held office. He was however at one time a member of the electoral college from Rhode Island, and had been a member of the representative council of this city from the time of the adoption of the new charter.

He is survived by a widow who is a sister of Mr. R. Livingston Beekman, and three sons, Louis L. Lorillard, Jr., George L. Lorillard, and Beekman Lorillard.

Now that the boot-blackening establishment, which was delaying work on the new Colonial Theatre, has been removed, much progress is being made in preparing the street front for construction. Short work was made of demolishing the little building after its occupancy had vacated, and a gang of men was at once put at work excavating for the foundation for the front of the new building. Not much progress can now be seen at the rear as that part of the building is all up and the men are working on the interior. It is an immense building and looks thoroughly safe for the purpose for which it will be used.

The site of the new Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. building on Washington square is a busy place these days. The forms for moulding the concrete walls and beams are being placed in position and the concrete is being poured. There are many men employed on the work and it makes a busy looking scene. The breaks in the enclosing fence have been repaired so that now the amateur inspectors find their view very materially curtailed. However, it will not be long before the building will be up high enough so that all can see.

The Holy Name Societies connected with St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Churches of this city will go to Providence to-morrow to participate in the parade there of the Holy Name Societies. The celebration will be an immense affair and many thousands of persons are expected to have a place in the line. If the weather is good it will be a great demonstration.

The National Cambrian Glee Singers were the feature at the opening night of the Y. M. C. A. entertainment course on Monday evening, when a good sized audience was assembled. Some of the programme was excellent, particularly the chorus singing and some of the solo parts. The humorous part was decidedly "English" and quite old.

Plans and specifications have been prepared for the construction of a million gallon reservoir for Fort Greble. The constructing quartermaster's office at Fort Adams has advertised for bids for the construction. With this reservoir completed and in operation Fort Greble will be assured of a complete and never failing water supply.

Coal from the Portsmouth coal mines is now being sold in Newport as well as in other places. Those that have used it find it quite satisfactory. There are many men at work at the mines and a large quantity of coal is being produced.

The public schools were closed on Thursday and Friday of this week to allow the teachers to attend the sessions of the Teachers Institute which has been held in Providence on the last three days of the week.

The grounds of the Nurtes Home on Broadway are being graded and they will present a good appearance by next summer when the grass comes up.

A new horizontal turbine is being installed at the illuminating station of the Old Colony Street Railway.

The Parker Inquest.

Coroner Andrew K. McMahon has this week been conducting an inquest into the death of Miss Parker, who was killed by an automobile on Broadway last week. There was considerable difficulty in finding witnesses but by the aid of the police department a number were finally reached who saw more or less of the accident. It will be remembered that Schaefer, who was driving the car that caused the fatality, stated to the police that Miss Parker was talking with another woman while waiting for a street car. There were many who doubted his story because this other woman could not be found but it was finally learned that the woman whom he had mentioned was a stranger in the city and was visiting at the residence of the coroner himself. Her evidence was taken as well as that of other witnesses.

The inquest has not been open to the public, although representatives of the chauffeur and also of friends of Miss Parker have been present and have taken notes of the testimony. It is understood that there has been no one found who can tell exactly how the accident occurred, the chauffeur himself being the only eye witness of the accident. The coroner will file his report with the proper authorities soon.

Wedding Bells.

Wainwright-Cassard.
Miss Mary Emily Cassard, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William G. Cassard, was united in marriage to Assistant Paymaster Dallas B. Wainwright, U. S. N., on Saturday last, the ceremony being performed in St. Paul's Church, Prince Fredericktown, Maryland, by the bride's father assisted by Rev. B. P. Levell.

The bride gown was of white chiffon over ivory satin, trimmed with duchess lace. The bride wore a tulle veil, caught up with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. Mrs. Newton Lord Nichols was the matron of honor, and Miss Anita Dowell and Miss Mildred Swindell were the bridesmaids. Passed Assistant Paymaster Frank P. Williams was the best man, and the ushers were also all naval officers.

A wedding breakfast was served, and after the wedding trip Paymaster and Mrs. Wainwright will reside in Newport, the groom being attached to the Training Station.

Boys burning rushes at Easton's pond have been the cause of several fire alarms during the past week. The rushes are dry as they always are in the early fall and it is a great temptation to the boys to see them burn, more especially as there is little danger of any damage to property. People in the neighborhood of the pond sometimes become alarmed however and the fire alarm is struck as a result. There have been several still alarms and one box alarm for this cause this week.

At the annual session of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association, held in Providence this week, Mr. Charles M. Cole of this city was elected a member of the State executive committee. Rev. Dr. George W. Quick of this city was one of the speakers at the annual banquet of the association.

W. C. Thomas has been sentenced to one year at the Providence County Jail for the larceny of certain articles from the residence of A. H. Olmsted last winter. He was formerly at Fort Adams but when apprehended was serving an enlistment at the Training Station.

Two tugs started out Thursday morning with the big freighter Bunker Hill in tow for Stonington, Conn. The heavy sea that was running made it more prudent to postpone the trip and the vessel returned to Newport after proceeding a short distance outside.

Professor James Bidger of East Greenwich Academy was the principal speaker at the meeting of the Methodist Ecceles Club held with the First Methodist Church of this city on Thursday evening. Mr. T. T. Pittman presided.

Mr. William E. Deane, Jr., has returned from a trip through the South and while coming up by water the vessel on which he was a passenger ran into the hurricane that caused much damage in the West Indies.

Although there were severe showers all through New England Wednesday night Newport was overlooked, and the ponds and reservoirs are still abnormally low. A heavy rainfall is urgently needed.

October has been conspicuous this year by its high winds. There has been quite a run on outside the bay during the whole month and fishermen and others have been interfered with to some extent.

The Democrats have announced a rally for Reilly Hall next Monday evening.

Egg Lobster Facts.

State Plant has increased its Efficiency and Reduced its Cost since Prof. Mead's Resignation.

The Providence Journal and other papers hostile to the Republican party and opposed to the re-election of Governor Pothier, have tried early and late, in season and out of season, to make an issue out of the egg lobster law, so called, passed at the last session of the General Assembly by the unanimous vote of both houses. They have also condemned the Governor in unlimited terms for not vetoing the law, and the Democratic spellbinders have gone up and down the length and breadth of the State shouting "Egg lobsters." Our opponents having based their principal opposition on this single matter we propose to devote a little space to analyzing the results thus far obtained under this new law.

In the first place the total expense to date, and the season has now practically closed, under this law, has been for all the egg lobsters purchased, and the Commission has purchased all that were offered, \$2,417.84. This money has gone directly into the lobster industry so even if there had been no saving in egg lobsters the money has not been wasted. The result of this outlay has been the adding of 3,500 egg-bearing lobsters to the State. By this means 511,000 have been raised to the fourth stage, or bottom seeking stage, as against 178,000 in 1909. This year, these five hundred and eleven thousand lobsters have been reared from about fifteen hundred lobsters at a cost to the State of less than two dollars per thousand. Last year under Professor Mead's administration the one hundred and seventy-eight thousand were reared from about three thousand lobsters at a cost to the State of about eight dollars per thousand. These are the results thus far. The expense of operating the plant last year during the lobster season from June 1st to October 31st, including salaries, was \$3,158.23. This year it was \$1,838.35, a saving to the State in four months of \$1,320.88—more than half the total amount paid for egg lobsters, and the saving during the remaining eight months will more than make good the outlay, so that the annual appropriation of \$18,500 will be ample to meet the egg lobster expense and at the same time increase the usefulness of the plant more than three fold. Next year it is expected that more than a million lobsters will be raised to the fourth stage.

Last year under Professor Mead's management eleven men were employed to do the work, principally Brown University students in Professor Mead's department. This year, five men, under Superintendent Barnes, have done this largely increased amount of work.

The supply of lobsters is directly proportioned to the number of lobsters that hatch their eggs. The method of lobster propagation carried on by Superintendent Barnes makes the lobster a thousand times more productive than if allowed to hatch its eggs under the conditions of nature. The data for more than ninety per cent of the methods of lobster culture that have been so generally advertised as Professor Mead's work were furnished by Mr. Barnes, the present able Superintendent of the State hatchery.

To show what can be done under the present management: From a lot of 10,000 fry recently hatched, nearly 7000 were reared to the fourth stage, or first bottom seeking stage. That is 70 percent, were reared, the best previously obtainable record that was reached being only 50 percent, and that has been reached only once in the history of the station.

In addition to the egg lobster work carried on at the hatchery this year, in 1910 twenty-five million flat-fish eggs have been hatched and the fry liberated in the waters of the State. Several thousand flat fish have been reared through the transitional period, which has never been accomplished anywhere before. The usefulness of the station has also been increased in many other ways and the scientific work has been successfully carried on by Superintendent Barnes. So it would seem that the resignation of Professor Mead was by no means an irreparable loss to the State.

The cornerstone of the new Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. building will be laid with appropriate ceremony on Wednesday, November 9, at 11 o'clock. The programme will be quite informal, and the public will be invited to attend. Senator George Peabody Wetmore will preside at the exercises.

There was no express matter in from New York Friday morning, as the strike of freight handlers in New York had apparently resulted in a tie-up at this end.

Commodore Arthur Curtis James proposes to have the formal opening of his new house on Washington's Birthday, February 22nd.

Lanier of the Cavalry

Or,
A Week's Arrest

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Company



By
GENERAL CHARLES
KING,

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter,"
"Foes in Ambush," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

ENNIS and Schuchardt started at sight of Lanier's white face. Ennis sprang to his side. "Help me off with these," he said, "and bring a lamp. Come upstairs, Barker." There were but two sleeping rooms aloft in the little bachelor set. Into this room marched Bob Lanier and threw open the door of the single closet wherein was hanging uniform and civilian garb. In some confusion, Ennis held the lamp on high, and with his free hand Lanier began throwing out the contents—a new uniform dress coat, an older one that had done duty for the three previous years, two sack coats or "blouses," etc. Then appeared a suit of evening clothes, carefully handled. The closet was well high empty, and Lanier faced them with the simple words, "It's gone!"

"What's gone?" demanded Ennis. "Why, that dark gray mixture sack suit I brought from leave last year. It always hung way back in here."

"Who wants it now, I'd like to know?" demanded Ennis. "Our colonel, who accuses me of consuming Rawdon for his getaway."

Then Barker spoke: "It's only fair to the colonel to tell the rest, Bob. Rawdon's box, that he left for safe keeping with a friend in town, had not only the suit you saw at the office, but a snow fur cap with your name in it. The day of the storm Quilman came over to the guardhouse after his visit there wearing a new cap instead of his old one, and Cassidy swooped on it, thinking it yours, for it was here he got it, and the name in that cap was Rawdon. It leaked out somehow. Fitzroy hunted the story down."

"The name was burnt out when Cassidy brought it back to me," said Lanier slowly. "He claimed that in lighting his pipe."

"Poor Cassidy lied every way he could think of to save you," said Barker fiercely. "It's the young and the befuddled and helped along that tricked you in the end."

"Roped Rafferty in, too, I suppose," said Schuchardt.

"Rafferty, doubtless, to the extent of bribing or wheedling him out of Bob's new cap."

"But those were not mine—that Fitzroy's?" burst in Lanier. "Of course not. He's left you a worn suit in place of the new. Where'd he steal that one, I wonder? There isn't another officer of your size and build at the post. But here; I've got to go back and report, and my report will be in these words: 'Mr. Lanier will be robbed too.' And Barker made for the stairs."

"One comment," called Ennis. "You said Bob wasn't the only man this fellow had tricked. Do you mean?" He paused suggestively.

"I mean yes—that there's more than one man and there's at least one poor girl in the garrison to mourn that fellow's loss, and he did it to him!" And with that Barker was gone.

Button listened to his adjutant's report with something almost like a sneer. Stannard and Sumter heard it with grave faces, but without a word. Siffle, who had drifted in, sniggered with obvious triumph.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "you have not heard the half of what I know, and every day brings something new. This comes in from Laramie today, brought with the mail that lay over at the Chugwater during the storm. Head that, Stannard." And Stannard took the paper and glanced over it, blinked his eyes, sniffed and said, "I've heard about that case, and I'll take Lanier's story any day against that fellow's affidavit."

"Major Stannard," said Button severely, "you are speaking contemptuously of your superior officer."

"Colonel Button," answered Stannard, with high held head, but with firm hand on his temper, "I am speaking contemptuously of my superior officer's informant, not of the commanding officer of Fort Laramie. If you care to look you will see that he quotes, not asserts, that 'this money was advanced to Mr. Lowndes on Mr. Lanier's statement that the young man was summoned home by the serious illness of his mother and that he, Mr. Lanier, would be responsible for the transaction. Mr. Lowndes has never repaid it, and Mr. Lanier when appealed to four weeks since not only refused to make it good, but abused and cursed me for simply asking for what was my own.'"

"Very good, gentlemen," answered Button, rising in obvious chagrin. "It is quite evident in your opinion Mr. Lanier is a persecuted man and I am an abandoned snarer, but just as soon as I can reach Omaha this case shall be laid before a general court-martial."

The men were mostly in bed, as they should be at such an hour, but there had been an informal dance, and many of the sergeants were still at the hop room. Beyond this brightly lighted building and about in the rear of the infantry barracks at the westward end was the slide into the creek valley, whereas so many of the officers' children had been coasting early in the evening and where now—nearly 11 o'clock—half a hundred young people of both sexes, wives and daughters of quartermaster's employees and of the elder sergeants, attended by their gallants from the garrison, were having a merry time of it. The moon shone in brilliance. The night air, frosty and still, was full of exhilaration. The officer of the guard, merely cautioning the revelers to control their impulse to shoot, had gone on his way with unimpeded permission to keep on the foot-

and presently other officers appeared upon the brow of the bluff, interested observers.

The veterinary surgeon, a gray haired man of nearly sixty, who presently came toiling up the hillside, touched his fur cap front in salutation to tall Lieutenant Ennis and begged leave to speak a moment with Dr. Schuchardt, whom he met slowly away.

Ennis had attentive ears for the chatter and gossip of a neighboring group that had suspended their strolling for the moment and were curiously watching the pair.

"There's no more the matter with Dora Mayhew than there is with me,



"WHY DIDN'T YOU JUMP WHEN THEY TOLD YOU?"

"cept one," said a red checked maid of "innocent row" to the eager group about her. "She's been daft about that young dude, Rawdon."

"Yes, an' deaf to Cockney Fitzroy," laughed another.

And Ennis, turning quickly, noted the group, four young noncommissioned officers and three of the garrison girls, all of them toying with the name of good old Mayhew's bonny daughter, who when that veteran English horseman had taught and guarded with such jealous care. Well had Ennis known of Sergeant Fitzroy's aspirations. Few in the regiment had not, and few there were who did not know that in spite of Mayhew's avowed dislike for him the girl had for a time encouraged.

Then in April to Fort Frayne had come this handsome young fellow Rawdon, with better looks, better manners and even, as it seemed, better money, for Rawdon was lavish where Fitzroy was "near," and the favor of the young girl, who had toyed with the Englishman, turned from him to this unknown.

And in this web Bob Lanier had become deeply involved. Ennis was sorely worried.

"Where did you say she was now?" Ennis heard the doctor ask as they rejoined him.

"She went to speak with Mrs. Stannard, but said ladies were there, so she came back awhile ago. I could hear her crying in her room before she went the second time." And poor Mayhew's head was drooping.

"And you wish me to see her tonight?"

"If you'd be so good, doctor. She'll soon be home. I was going over in search of her now."

"Wait," said Ennis. "Listen!"

There was a flurry among the revelers a few rods away. Two men had run toward the corner of the nearest barrack, looming black against the northward sky. Others could be seen hurrying after them. Then—could it be? Yes, sharp and clear came the sound of a shot from away over toward the hospital—another nearer, another still nearer—and distant shouts and then the blare of the trumpet.

"Come on! It's fire!" said Ennis and sprang in pursuit of the leaders.

"Fire!" echoed the cry from barrack to barrack as the men poured forth into the night, and then as Ennis rounded the corner and came in full view of the wide open parade with the long line of quarters beyond his head leaped for his throat in wild dismay. "My God, Lieutenant, it's your house!"

"And Bob's all alone!" sobbed Ennis as he sped through the snow.

All Ennis saw as he came staggering round to the rear of the flaming furnace that once was a house was a wild-eyed girl being led away by a group of sympathetic women. The colonel was bending over Bob Lanier, just emerging from his third involuntary plunge in the drifts and spattering oburgations on his would be benefactors.

"In God's name, Lanier," almost wailed the colonel as at last that young gentleman, likewise stoned and scorched and dripping, yet preternaturally cool for one just out of a blazing hell, found his feet and faced his commanding officer. "In God's name, why didn't you jump when they told you? There was nothing but snowdrifts below."

"There was a colonel coming," said Bob, with a grin of mingled anguish and satisfaction. "who held that sort of thing to be breach of arrest."

"As to the origin of the fire, Bob Lanier merely said that he had turned the lights low in the sitting room in obedience to 'Stannard's' orders, had

up to his room, too, what was even shamed over what had occurred even to think of sleep—to think, in fact, of anything but the colonel's words. So absorbed was he as he slowly undressed he never noted the sounds from below until his room of a sudden seemed filled with smoke, and, throwing open the door, he was amazed to find the hallway ablaze, the stairs impassable. Running to his dormer window, he yelled fire at the top of his voice. Sentry No. 5 heard and came running down the back fence, saw the peril, let drive a shot and gave a yell that roused every one at the hospital, poor Rafferty, half-crazed, half-dressed, coming leaping along among the first."

And there at his back window, choking with smoke and losing out clothing and other belongings, stood Mr. Lanier. Some men went searching for ladders up the line of back yards, the post book and ladder truck being, of course, on the far side of the garrison. There being no extension and sheds to this little box, as to the larger quarters up the line, other men began shouting and Lieutenant Grayson implored Mr. Lanier to jump, for already the flames had burst through the windows below. Then came the episode the regiment laughed over, swore over, talked over, many a long year thereafter. To Grayson's appeal Bob's only answer was calm and deliberate:

"Give my compliments to the colonel, will you, and tell him that, my quarters being all ablaze, I'd like an extension of arrest."

Then Sumter and Stannard came in, tumultuous, and ordered him down, and Blake and Curbin and the rest of the card party came tearing after them and berated him for an absurdity and implored him not to be an ass. And then a bright tongue of flame licked in through the transoms behind him, and the door panels burst from the heat, and all the room at his back suddenly blazed with fire, and then went up the cry from that agonized girl, at sound of which Lanier started and strove to climb to the little window sill, with a lurid sheet lapping down about his head, and then a brace of young Irishmen, Cassidy foremost, came scrambling up a human pyramid smoking and shugging below them. They reached the blinding eaves and burst through the fringe of flame, dragging Bob forth and on to the edge and then tottered all together into that blessed mound of snow beneath, just meeting in the glare of that fiery furnace.

And thus were we brought to the morning of Thursday, the sixth since the eventful night when Miriam Arnold's shriek had alarmed the garrison; Miriam, whose voice had now been heard a second time, upraised in frantic dread and appeal, but this time for the young soldier who on the previous Friday night, forgetful of his arrest, had rushed forth at her cry, but this night had to be dragged; Miriam, who now lay sick from maidenly shame that in one wild appeal to save her lover she had so betrayed herself.

With Thursday noon came resumption of telegraphic communication and the long stalled railway trains from east and west. With Thursday afternoon came "wires" from Arnold, the father, begging to know had his daughter started, and back went the electric message that she neither had nor could nor would for a week. "Full details by post." With Thursday evening came stacks of belated letters, "with whole bales of newspapers," said the stage driver, to follow, and with Thursday midnight, long after every one had gone to bed, there came a tapping at Major Stannard's storm door and presently a fumbling at the bell knob, a clanging of the bell.

"What now?" thought the sleepy major as he shuffled downstairs in slippers and dressing gown.

"It is Mayhew, sir," said a solemn voice. "I've come not hoping, only praying, I may find my daughter here."

"Good God!" said Stannard. "Come in." And he led forthwith his aged and trembling comrade within doors, seated him by the still glowing stove in the front room and struck a light. In less than a minute Mrs. Stannard, too, had joined them, her kind blue eyes filled with tender pity and sorrow. Poor motherless Dora had no lack of friendly counsel and food, womanly sympathy when once she could be brought to lay her burden there. And now, with his gray hairs bowed in sorrow to the dust, poor Mayhew had come to tell his pitiful tale. Ever since young Rawdon had gone with the paymaster she had been fitful and nervous. Ever since their coming to Cushing four weeks ago she had been watching, waiting, listening, often weeping, and when letters came for her with the postmark of Fetterman or Laramie, Red Cloud or the cantonment in the hills he could not but note her feverish eagerness and her instant escape to her own room to read her treasure alone. Oh, yes; he knew they must be from Rawdon. He had liked the lad, knew there was good stuff in him, and he could not bear that fellow Fitzroy, who was a military loan shark, a man who fattened on the needs or weaknesses of his comrades.

But—God! He had never looked for this. Oh, where had she gone? And why? He had found her at home and in tears after the fire. Then that afternoon, some time, somehow, she got a message or a letter and then kissed him and said she would be better in bed. At 11 o'clock old Chloe's sobbing aroused him. Dora had disappeared.

They lost no time, those men of the

field and the frontier. Stannard was dressed and out in twenty minutes.

Had she fled to join anybody? was the question that racked so many a heart, for, with the possible exception of gentle Mrs. Stannard, the girl had made no confidant.

It was this, full fifteen minutes after Lieutenant Field and two of his men had trotted off to town, that started old Stannard and big Jim Ennis down the valley from the veterinarian's, through "Sudstown," where girls and women were budding and whispering at the news. They came to the long cavalry stables, standing gable ends to the north, like so many companies in close column, and at the sixth of these, farthest from the bluff whereon stood the barracks and quarters, they stopped and banged at the door. No answer, even when the sentry came to their aid and hammered with the butt of his carbine.

"I'll have him out," said the corporal of the guard and ran round to the south end and presently came back triumphant. He had roused the two orderlies. The burly major strode in, big Jim Ennis at his heels. The sergeant's door flew open before them. The room was empty. Fitzroy and Fitzroy's furs were gone. Nor was that all. Two empty stalls stood close at hand.

"I thought so," said he, then grabbed the nearest orderly by the coat collar. "Who took Lieutenant Foster's sleigh and team?" demanded he, "and how long ago?"

"Sergeant Fitzroy, sir," came the answer, with a doleful whine, "just before the third relief, at half past 11."

"No time to see the colonel now!" said Ennis. "Major Stannard, I've got to gallop into town, but a dozen men, if need be, should trail that sleigh."

"Go it, boy," was the instant answer, "and I'm behind you."

CHAPTER VI.

ON the principle that disaster ever demands its victim the sentry of the second relief—the immediate predecessor of the soldier now on post at the north line of the stables—was stirred up at once and ordered to explain. Even as Stannard was bawling the movements of the men detailed to mount and trail the Foster team, even as Ennis was galloping toward on a mission of his own, Captain Langley of the infantry, officer of the day, began his stern examination of the luckless guardman.

Orders are orders. Even a stable sergeant could not take or send an animal out at night (except the building stood in danger of destruction by flood, fire or tornado) save on written order of a commissioned officer and in the presence of the corporal of the guard, and Stannard, the sentry of the second relief, admitted he knew these were the orders, but "the fellows" had never supposed they applied to Sergeant Fitzroy, who did pretty much as he pleased. In fact, Fitzroy hitched up and drove away without so much as a word to him.

And the stable orderlies had sworn that Fitzroy started alone. Therefore, unless Dora Mayhew had eluded the fort and joined him on the bleak eastward prairie, it was most unlikely she had gone with him, and up to 1 o'clock there was none to hint with whom or how, except afoot, she could have gone. Then, however, came revelation. The sentry stationed at the northwest face of the post admitted having seen "a rig from town" making wide circuit clear around behind the fort on the westward "bench," which was swept almost clean of snow. It had kept well out beyond



"ALL GONE; N'LONG OMAHA."

halling distance, stood a moment or two up at the edge of the bluff, then whirled about and went the way it came.

By 2 o'clock that rig had been trailed back to town. There Ennis and Field and several troopers, with one or two interested citizens, were in quest of tidings. There they were joined by Mayhew himself, who had one more hope. Dora had a friend a few years older than herself who was married to a conductor of the Union Pacific railway and living in town. It might be that Dora had gone to her.

They found the house and hammered at the door and succeeded only in waking a Chinese servant, who said, "All gone; n'long Omaha." They went to the three stables in town, and

all had "rigs" out. Most of them had gone to a dance at Arena, six miles east. "What's all the row about anyhow?" demanded the night watchman of one of these establishments. "There was that cockney sergeant fellow here along about midnight, asking questions and raising hades. The town marshal had a rumper with him and went to bed mad." The half dozen bangers on about the railway station and the

rolsterers at the one open all night saloon were growing inquisitive, if not impudent. The station master had gone home, but the lone operator, to whom one after another, Field, Ennis and Mayhew, had appealed, declared that no young lady had gone on No. 6, for the reason that No. 6 hadn't gone and wouldn't go till along toward daylight. She broke down somewhere about 7 o'clock at Medicine Bow.

But Ennis and Mayhew came at him a second time, with a second question. Could he tell them anything of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn, Osborn being a conductor and Mrs. Osborn Dora's friend, of whom previous mention is made? Had they gone to Omaha? No, for Mr. Osborn was round here early in the evening and had to be here at 8 a. m. to meet and take No. 5 over the Mountain division. Then John Chinaman had led, said Mayhew, ready to break down.

"Keep your heart, old man," said Ennis. "Go to the hotel, lie down and leave the rest to me."

And still Jim Ennis felt by no means confident he could be in time. He knew the Mayhews only slightly. He had never before been stationed at regimental headquarters, had seen and known Dora only since their coming to Fort Cushing and therefore had not learned to share Bob's honest admiration for her. She might be all Bob thought her, a loving child and a true hearted girl in spite of her infatuation for this presentable young trooper whose antecedents nobody knew.

With just two troopers at his back, toward 4 in the morning big Jim went spurring on through the dim moonlight, town and station far behind, following a wandering sleigh and wagon track across the wide, dreary upland, riding, as a rule, parallel with the railway, while such sleighs as tried the journey had evidently been making many a detour. Three miles out two "rigs" were passed, westward bound, filled with town folk who had been to Arena for the dance. And they seen or heard aught of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn? he asked. No; they knew them well by sight and would be sure to note them had they come to the dance. Five miles out a stage was encountered, loaded with exuberant revelers who had remained after the dance for a spree and were now consumed with wrath because certain officers of the law—born of their own town, too—had hustled them out.

"A hull sleighful of 'em—three or four anyhow—came over there with that cockney sergeant you fellows keep at the fort, lookin' for deserters. You after deserters? Well, here's—hic—hopin' you don't get 'em."

"It was all Jim Ennis wanted to know. 'Come on, men!' he cried and spurred ahead, his wondering troopers following.

"Now, what the mischief is that man Fitzroy's game?" thought Ennis. He reasoned it was after Dora that Fitzroy had gone; that in his jealous misery he had kept watch upon her, had followed to town on hearing of her flight, had followed farther, and this it was that gave Ennis the hope that she was accompanied by such worthy people as the Osborns. If that were so it could mean but one thing. It was to join Rawdon, perhaps to be joined to Rawdon. Osborn had sent two messages by wire and had received two early in the evening. Ennis had learned this through the operator, though the contents were withheld. Rawdon probably dared not come to Cushing City. There he might still be arrested on sight. Yes, Ennis had it now. Dora Mayhew had fled to Arena to meet and marry George Rawdon. Fitzroy had followed fast in hopes of blocking it.

And just as the twinkling switch lights of the little prairie station loomed in sight ahead there came a sound that startled him—the whistle of a railway engine not a mile behind, No. 6 at last and coming full tilt, the very train, perhaps, that they, the young couple, hoped and meant to take and might have taken on their eastward way had not Fitzroy, keen eyed, quick-witted and vengeful, been there in time to bar the move.

And then in the soldier soul of big Jim Ennis was born a strange, sudden and somewhat unprofessional spirit of opposition. Starting out in the hope of finding and restoring to her father's roof the sorrowing fugitive, Jim Ennis veered right round to the purpose of succoring a maiden in distress. If marriage was Rawdon's motive in bidding her join him, then Rawdon was honest, after all, and who was he or who was Fitzroy to stand in the way and stop it?

Five minutes later a young fellow in civilian dress was struggling in the grasp of two detectives. A terrified girl was clinging to his arm, tears streaming down her face. A clerical looking elderly stranger was expostulating. A man in the cap and dress of a railway conductor was vehemently arguing with a stocky sergeant of cavalry, who seemed master of the situation and greatly enjoying his importance. A pale faced young woman, whom the conductor of No. 6 addressed as Mrs. Osborn, was imploring his aid when, to the amazement of the sergeant, this big subaltern in boots and spurs bulged in between him and Conductor Osborn and demanded to know the nature of the trouble.

"I've run down this man at last, sir," gulped Fitzroy, flustered, but making a valiant effort at control, "as you see, sir, only in the nick of time."

"Oh, Mr. Ennis!" cried Dora, throwing herself upon him and clasping his arm. "Rawdon has done no wrong. We are married. Here are our friends to prove it. Why should they arrest him?"

"Colonel's orders, Lieutenant—arrest him wherever found," said Fitz stoutly, "and I've a sl—sleigh here to take him back."

"On charges of your own invention, Sergeant Fitzroy," said Ennis kelly, "no one of which you'll ever prove. Have you any warrant for this man?" this to the detectives. "He's no deserter. He's on furlough in order of General Crook, traveling. I take it, with his own wife, and unless you

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Saturday, October 29, 1910.

The late Mark Twain left an estate valued at \$611,136.00. It pays to be a humorist.

President Taft has been made a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants. He must be considered among the "early settlers."

Candidate Dix of New York and the renowned Colonel, once President of these United States, are still calling one another liars.

Jack Johnson, the colored pugilist, is to take the stump in New York for the Democratic ticket. It is a rare thing to see a colored Democratic orator.

It is said that President Taft is much annoyed at some of the President Roosevelt's insinuations. Well, he may be. Many other people of sound common sense feel that way too. The country would have been just as well off if the Colonel had taken up his permanent residence in Africa.

Congressman Wood of Massachusetts advised his hearers that they must elect candidate Waterman, Governor of New York. Evidently the would-be Congressman from this district thinks he is still one of the Tammany bosses. It is not to be wondered at as it is only three years since he left that delightful realm of the pure and undefiled Democracy.

Congressman Greene of Fall River advises the postmasters of Massachusetts to take an interest in things political if they wish to keep their places. Why shouldn't a postmaster take the same interest in the local politics of his town or city as any other individual? He should lose none of his natural rights when he goes to work for Uncle Sam.

The general public will rejoice to see the New York expression successful in their strike against the great express companies. The aggressively policy of the management disavows everybody, and the character of the service rendered is abominable. The interstate commerce law, which was expected to be a protection for the people, has apparently been merely a bulwark behind which the express companies may hide.

The American balloonists, Hawley and Post, who were lost in the wilds of Canada for a week at the conclusion of their world-beating balloon voyage, proved that they had plenty of pluck. The dangers that they encountered were far greater than anything that Colonel Roosevelt met in his much advertised tour through Africa, and yet it is doubted if they will make that an excuse for divine right to direct the universe.

The conviction of Dr. Crippen and his sentence to death, and the acquittal of his companion, Ethel Leneve, are at least satisfactory to the general public. Whether or not Crippen would have been convicted in the United States on the evidence submitted in the London court is an open question, but certainly he would have cheated the gallows for several years through legal efforts to secure an acquittal. Whether he was proven guilty or not the public believes that he committed the murder.

The stockholders of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. B. Co., in their annual meeting Wednesday, voted to increase the directors by two members, making a total of 27, and elected a board of whom the new members are Thomas Seywitt Cuyler, representing the Pennsylvania railroad, and August S. May and Arthur E. Clark, to fill a vacancy. They are treasurer and secretary of the company respectively. The action of the directors putting into operation a pension system on the road, which now entails the payment of \$100,000 annually, was approved. President Mellen says the New Haven road is not in politics.

The latest proposition to use Mount Point as a terminal for the passenger service on trans-Atlantic liners is nothing new, as it has been agitated for a great many years. Even if it should not become an established fact at once there is no possible doubt but that in the future Mount Point will be a great shipping point. When the Pennsylvania Railroad obtained control of the Long Island Railroad some years ago and began in earnest to develop the eastern extremity of Long Island and to operate its line of steamers to Block Island connecting with trains to New York City, it was expected that this was really but a feeler to see what could be done in the way of transporting passengers expeditiously by steamer and rail. The experiment worked well, and there is reason to believe that many hours could be saved between Europe and America by landing the passengers at Mount Point and sending them on by rail. The congestion in New York harbor increases every day and this trans-shipment of passengers is sure to come. Whether or not the cities in Narragansett Bay will be benefited remains to be seen. To the casual observer there would seem to be possibilities of considerable advantage to this region.

Free Trade vs Protection.

Mr. J. Ellis Barker, the great English authority on tariff and other economic matters, is now in this country investigating and comparing American and English prices both for labor and for articles of food and clothing. His authority cannot be disputed and his knowledge of the facts is such as to be convincing. He says:

"Wages under free trade conditions such as exist in England are determined by the lowest wages prevailing in competing countries. An English manufacturer can compete only if he sells his goods in the free English market at the same price at which they are sold by his foreign competitors. If foreign competitive goods are sold at a much lower price than British goods, the British manufacturer must reduce his price, and he can do so only by reducing his cost of production, among which wages are of course the most important."

Owing to the free and unlimited competition of goods from any and every country, of goods made by white and colored labor, wages in England are, unfortunately, low. According to the tables published by the official Board of Trade, the average wage per worker in full employment is as follows:

In the cotton trade, \$4.50 per week. In the woolen trade, \$4.50 per week. In the worsted trade, \$4.50 per week. In the linen trade, \$2.75 per week. In the lace trade, \$5.00 per week. In the hosiery trade, \$3.75 per week. In the silk trade, \$3.25 per week. In the boot and shoe trade, \$4.50 per week. The foregoing industries are the greatest exporting industries of Great Britain. Great Britain's success in cotton and other textiles is founded on cheap labor, and especially on the exploitation of women.

If one compares the census of Great Britain with that of the United States, one finds that the percentage of women employed in the mills and factories is exactly twice as great in Great Britain as it is in the United States. Low wages in Great Britain are not restricted to textile factories, and especially those which work for export, but they are unfortunately universal.

The maximum wage of the London Metropolitan policeman is \$12 per week, or a little more than \$400 per year. The Boston policeman receives after five years service \$1,200, and the New York policeman \$1,400 per year. English typists and shorthand writers who have left the shorthand school receive as a rule from \$2 to \$2.50 to commence with, and their maximum pay is from \$8 to \$10 per week, but \$10 is really exceptional even for the most experienced shorthand writer and typist. Waitresses in the popular cafes and bars receive as a rule \$2.50 per week, but they receive no gratuity. Out of this \$2.50 they have to spend from \$1 to \$1.50 on fares, washing, and food, so that their net earnings, for ten hours' work, per day, comes to the lamentable low sum of from \$1 to \$1.50 per week.

Whether wages are higher or low depends, after all, not only on their nominal amount but on the cost of living. The English free traders consistently assert that the cost of living in the United States is enormously high owing to protection.

When I came over to America I fully expected that the cost of living was very much higher than in free trade England, but I found that this is not the case, at least as far as people of small means are concerned.

Real estate is certainly cheaper in the United States than in Great Britain, but with regard to clothes I feel doubtful whether the United States or Great Britain is more expensive.

From my investigations I am inclined to believe that the tariff on wool is only of little account. A suit of clothes contains about four pounds of wool, on which the duty is considerably less than one dollar. Therefore it follows that if English clothes are cheaper than American clothes, the difference is due not to the duty on wool but to the greater cheapness of British labor.

A few years ago the British Board of Trade made an investigation into the clothing trade, in which 1,500,000 workers are employed, and it found that the average wage per worker was \$3.75 per week. In the clothing trade unemployment extending to several months is common. Therefore the average real wage of the workers in the clothing trade comes in England to somewhat less than \$3 per week.

If English clothes are cheaper than American clothes their cheapness is due, in the first place, to the underpayment of labor and to sweating. It is due, besides, to the little known fact that English woolen clothes consist largely of material which is not honest wool, but shoddy. Shoddy is made from rags, and the demand for rags is so enormous in England that England uses not only her own rags, but, besides, an average of 50,000 tons of rags per year, which are converted into shoddy. Strange enough, the bulk of these rags come from the United States, France, and Germany, the three greatest protectionist countries.

From these investigations it appears that the average working class family in the United States consumes between eight hundred and nine hundred pounds of meat per year, while the average British working class family consumes only four hundred and twelve pounds of meat per year. On the other hand, the English working class family consumes twice the quantity of bread which is consumed by the American family of similar position. Among the British working people a diet consisting almost exclusively of bread, tea, treacle and lard, with an occasional herring, is common.

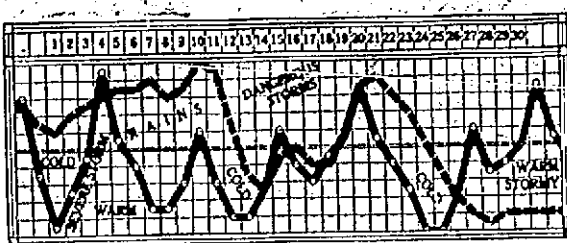
British unskilled laborers in the engineering trades, the building trades, and many other trades, earn from \$4.50 to \$5.50 per week. With such lamentable low earnings they cannot afford to buy sufficient food to maintain their bodily health.

Wages are still worse when we turn from the towns to the country. According to the official investigations made by the British Government a few years ago, Irish agricultural laborers earn from \$2 to \$3.50 per week, and the average wages for the agricultural laborers in England are only \$1.50 per week. These frightfully low wages include all allowances in kind, such as use of a cottage or of a field, potatoes, milk, etc.

Owing to these fearfully low wages these people cannot bring up their families in decency. I have a servant whose father is an agricultural laborer, and that servant has told me that her mother has never had a new dress since the day of her marriage. British laborers, and especially agricultural laborers, commonly dress only in worn-out second-hand clothes.

The fact that the American workers, working under protection, are infinitely more prosperous than the British work-

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecast. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse.

November will be unusually cold. Most rainfall first ten days and near 20. Good rains in Texas, Middle Mississippi, lower Missouri, Ohio valleys. Normal rains northwestern states, below normal rains in Canada, dry in southeastern states.

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Washington, D. C. Oct. 27, 1910.

Last Bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 2 to 6, warm wave 1 to 5, cool wave 4 to 8. From Oct. 29 to Nov. 8 unusual, severe, bad weather is expected. Not in all sections of course but in the vicinity of the lows or storm centers that have been described in this and previous bulletins. Dates of severe storms and severe weather can be predicted but it is more difficult to forecast the exact places where these storms will be most severe. Dangerous storms were predicted for Oct. 15 to 20 and their locations were well timed. The forecasts for Oct. 29 were remarkably good.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 7, cross Pacific slope by close of 8, great central valleys 9 to 11, eastern sections 12. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov. 7, great central valleys 9, eastern sections 11. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov. 10, great central valleys 12, eastern sections 14. This will be a radical disturbance on the northern Pacific, along the Alaska coast and the northern Pacific slope not far from Nov. 6 to 7. After it has crossed western 90, going eastward, it will lose force and be only a moderate disturbance.

In northern states and Canada Nov. promises to be excessively cold and stormy. In southern states stormy weather with about normal temperatures. Warm periods will cross continent not far from Nov. 8 to 16, 18 to 22 and last days of month. Cool waves will cross continent near Oct. 31 to Nov. 3, 7 to 13 and 23 to 28. Principal rains will fall in the states within 300 miles of a line drawn from Dallas, Texas, to Albany, N. Y. Outside that territory less than the usual amount of rain is expected. In the southeastern states and Cuba dry weather will prevail.

For Oct. excessive rains were predicted for Cuba and Gulf of Mexico

ers working under free trade, may be seen, not only by comparison of the wages prevailing in the two countries and the cost of living, but by casual observation of the people.

If we look into the statistics of savings, we find that they fully confirm the great prosperity prevailing among American workers and the great poverty prevailing in Great Britain. New York State and Massachusetts most closely resemble the United Kingdom in this that they are densely populated industrial states. If we look into the savings banks deposits we find that Massachusetts, with 2,500,000 inhabitants, has, at the present moment, more than \$500,000,000 in the savings banks, while the United Kingdom, with 46,000,000 inhabitants, has only \$1,100,000,000. The British working masses have \$25 per head of population in the savings banks, while the Massachusetts workers have not less than \$223 per head in the Massachusetts savings banks. For every single dollar in the savings banks in free trade Great Britain, there are no less than \$9 per head of population in Massachusetts. The Massachusetts savings banks contain mainly small savings.

Moreover, the workers of Massachusetts have considerable investments in land and houses, while the English workers are practically homeless, the ownership of freehold land and houses being almost unknown among British workmen. The British Free Trade agitation is based upon deception. The British Free Traders tell the workers that they are the most prosperous workers in the world owing to the blessings of free trade, and bid their deluded followers pity the American workers who, as they tell us, "groan" under protection.

I think the American people have been greatly misled by European travelers. In my opinion, they are a nation of idealists whose ambition to succeed has not only driven them to amass money, but has also induced them to build the grandest universities, schools, and hospitals in the world, on which they expend probably more money than all the unions of Europe combined.

Mr. Sheffield Against Cannon.

[Providence Journal.]

Representative Sheffield's statement that he will not support Speaker Cannon for reelection will gratify many anti-Cannon Republicans and Independents who were sorry that the Representative of this district voted for Cannon as Speaker of the present house. The head of the Young Men's Republican Club is right in saying that this question interests many young Republicans. While opposition to Mr. Cannon that is thus proclaimed during a close election contest may seem like a bid for votes, it will nevertheless please many voters in this district who recognize Mr. Sheffield's character and ability and prefer his candidacy to that of a Democrat who as recently as 1907 was a Tammany officeholder in New York City.

A civilian employe of Fort Adams has been placed under arrest on a charge of stealing about 600 feet of government cable. He was held at the Police Station to await the coming of a deputy United States marshal. It is charged that the man under arrest, with others, loaded the section of cable into a boat which was afterwards found on the shore, the cable being recovered by the authorities.

No more baseball until next April, and the Philadelphia Athletics hold the world's honors. They deserve them by playing the best game of ball.

DOGS ATTEND WEDDING

Mrs. Bowen Has Pet Japanese Spaniels Act as Her "Bridesmaids"

New York, Oct. 26.—Just the minute Mr. F. L. Copefield started the wedding service making Mrs. Mary S. Bowen, a wealthy San Francisco society woman, and Percy W. Evans, head of a Seattle shipping concern, man and wife, the three bridesmaids began to frisk and caper about. It took all the soothing efforts of the best man and matron of honor to keep them fairly quiet so that the ceremony could proceed.

The wedding was held at the home of Arthur Delroy. The bridesmaids wore gorgeously embroidered gowns with tiny lace. Their liveliness was due to the fact that they are young Japanese spaniels and were simply glad to see their mistress, who held them by a leash.

After the ceremony the dog bridesmaids were given a dog dinner, at which Lillian Russell's toy spaniel was also a guest.

NEGROES ARE BARRED

Not Wanted at Republican Convention in South Carolina

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 28.—There is not a federal officer here nor a negro on the list of delegates here for the Republican state convention called to meet here by John D. Capers, national committeeman for South Carolina. The convention will contest the claim to regularity which will be made by delegates elected at a convention composed mostly of negroes which met here Sept. 26.

Capers insists that he and his associates are determined that the southern negro shall not longer keep us in helpless political bondage for the sake of propitiating the negro vote, north and west.

FOR MAKING HIMSELF

Soldier Gets Year in Prison and Dishonorable Discharge From Service

Atlanta, Oct. 28.—Although he shot a portion of his right index finger to escape military service, Private Eugene Lussler, Company I, Seventeenth United States Infantry, did not free himself from military domination. His sentence to one year's imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for willfully disabling himself is announced in addition to his dishonorable discharge.

"We had our first meeting of the afternoon card club yesterday." "Was it a success?" "Very. Everybody kissed everybody else."—Detroit Free Press.

A man's wife is his better half in theory only. In reality he is about one-tenth.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

OCTOBER 1910		STANDARD TIME		High water	
		Sun	Moon	High	Low
29 Sat	6 21 50	6 35	1 55	6 55	5 55
30 Sun	6 22 50	6 35	1 55	6 55	5 55
31 Mon	6 24 50	6 35	1 55	6 55	5 55
1 Tues	6 26 50	6 35	1 55	6 55	5 55
2 Wed	6 28 50	6 35	1 55	6 55	5 55
3 Thurs	6 31 50	6 35	1 55	6 55	5 55
4 Frid	6 34 50	6 35	1 55	6 55	5 55

New Moon, 11th day, 8h. 55m., evening.
First Quarter, 19th day, 10h. 20m., morning.
Full Moon, 28th day, 7h. 25m., evening.
Last Quarter, 24th day, 1h. 13m., morning.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
133 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

New England Corn Exposition

The first Corn Show in New England will be held at Worcester, Massachusetts, November 7-12, 1910. At this Show there will be offered \$6,700 in premiums and special prizes. Rhode Island Farmers should be particularly interested, as this State has made a special appropriation of \$500 to be used for premiums to growers of corn and small grains to Rhode Island. Owing to the success in the winning of the corn crop, the Executive Committee, at a recent meeting, voted that entries should not close until November first, thus giving those who were afraid that their corn would not mature an opportunity to make entries. There are no entry fees. All entries should be sent to W. D. Hurd, Amherst, Mass.

Two drafts of more than 500 applications in all have left the Training Station in the last two days to be assigned to duty among the various ships. More boys are being held at receiving stations to be sent to Newport as soon as things are ready for them here.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt do not intend to spend the winter at Sandy Point Farm but will go to New York very shortly.

Mr. Alfred W. Chase of this city has been elected an honorary member of the Association of Grammar Masters of Providence.

Miss Catherine Cottrell has returned from Sandwich, Mass., where she has been spending a couple of weeks with her sister.

Dr. Henry Ford is ill at his home on Touros street.

"He loves me, he loves me not," murmured the romantic summer boarder.

"You must have picked a thousand daisies to pieces today," remarked the old farmer.

"Possibly I have." "Couldn't you play the game just as well with potato bugs?"

GIRL FREE IN CRIPPEN CASE

Not an Accomplice to Doctor in Murder of His Wife

NO WITNESSES FOR DEFENSE

Jury Returns Verdict of Acquittal

Twenty-Two Minutes After Retiring—Ethel Leneve Long Under Influence of Murderer, According to Her Counsel—London Editor Is Fined \$1000 For Contempt of Court

London, Oct. 26.—Ethel Leneve was acquitted by a jury in New Bailey on the charge of being an accomplice to Dr. H. H. Crippen in the murder of Mrs. Crippen, Belle Elmore, the American variety actress.

It was for love of Miss Leneve that Crippen, now under death sentence, murdered his wife. The crown's counsel, Richard Muir, could not show that Miss Leneve had any knowledge of either the American's intention or the crime itself. There were no witnesses called by the defense.

As Miss Leneve sat in the prisoner's dock she was a pathetic figure. In replying to the formal charge of being an accessory after the fact to the murder of Belle Elmore, the girl pleaded "not guilty" in a voice that was scarcely audible.

Miss Leneve's counsel, Frederick E. Smith, asked the jury to bear in mind that his client had been under the influence of Crippen, one of the most dangerous criminals of recent years, since she was 16 years of age. This, he asserted, accounted for her flight in the doctor's company.

Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, in summing up for the jury, said that he saw no reason why Crippen should have told Miss Leneve a story different from that which he told to others.

The illness of the accused on the night of her interview with Mrs. Jackson was not, the prosecution said, an ordinary illness, but a condition of horror, the explanation of which was the knowledge that had come to her that Crippen had murdered his wife.

According to the prosecution, Miss Leneve's relation to the crime as an accessory began very soon after the death of Mrs. Crippen. In the case made out against the doctor Mrs. Crippen, or Belle Elmore, as she was known on the stage, was murdered on the morning of Feb. 1, and her dismembered body buried in the cellar of the Crippen home at 39 Hilldrop Crescent on that day. Miss Leneve slept in the Crippen home on the night of the day following.

Miss Leneve was an object for keen scrutiny on the part of the women, who composed the majority of the spectators. She is of medium build, light brown hair, gray eyes and excellent teeth. Her face is pretty and she is trim. She wears good clothes becomingly and, naturally buoyant and affable, she is a prepossessing woman.

The trial lasted but a few hours, the prosecution closing its case before lunch. Lord Chief Justice Alverstone delivered his charge to the jury and they retired, returning in twenty-two minutes with a verdict of acquittal.

The news editor of the London Chronicle was fined \$1000 and costs yesterday for publishing an alleged confession of Dr. Crippen shortly after Crippen's arrest by Inspector Dew in Canada. The editor was committed to jail pending the payment of the fine.

The alleged confession was contained in a dispatch sent to London from Montreal. Shortly after its publication contempt of court proceedings were instituted against the paper by the state.

London, Oct. 24.—Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, the American practitioner and medical agent, was found guilty of the murder of his wife, the American actress, Belle Elmore, and sentenced to death.

Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, who presided at the trial, sentenced Crippen to be hanged on Nov. 15.

TACK IN NEGRO'S SKULL

Queer Cure For Blindness Devised by an Atlanta "Doctor"

Atlanta, Oct. 26.—William Williams, a negro, is in jail here, charged with swindling, on account of the peculiar cure for blindness which he devised.

His remedy consisted in driving a tack into the back portion of a blind negro's skull and charging \$2.50 for the operation.

Robert Ward, the victim, told the police court judge that the tack process was not very painful, but that Williams' manner of taking the \$2.50 "hurt considerable."

Bibles For Tars on Battleships

Hutchinson, Kan., Oct. 28.—The state convention of the W. C. T. U. has pledged sufficient money to purchase a Bible and a hymn book in the hands of every man on the battleships Kansas.

New Tacoma Census

Washington, Oct. 28.—Secretary Nagel has ordered a new census enumeration of Tacoma, Wash., as a result of charges of padding in the first list.

Jail For Former Bank Head

Greenville, S. C., Oct. 23.—Five years in the Atlanta penitentiary is the sentence imposed upon Milton A. Cottle, formerly president of the Newberry National bank, who was convicted on five counts of an indictment alleging misapplication of the funds of the bank.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, get Carter's Little Liver Pills and equally reliable. Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all the other troubles, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

ache they would be almost sure to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but for their good effects on the liver and bowels, and for the fact that they will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. Buy a bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

ACHE

Is the base of so many ills that there is where we make our great battle. Our pills cure while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and easy to take. Once you try them, you will find them so useful that you will not be willing to do without them. Buy a bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

WARRANTS

A TARCOOLER FUNERAL.

Wood Was Scarce, but They Managed to Rig Up a Coffin.

In some of the mining districts of South Australia there is a great scarcity of wood. Consequently, if you are so foolish as to die there you must expect to have a coffin, but must be content to be wrapped in a sack before being deposited in Mother Earth.

However, when a certain very prominent resident of a mining camp died the other people of the settlement—by the way, it was called Tarcooler, though coolness was unknown and Tarcooler would have been a more suitable name—determined that he should be buried in style. So they set about getting a coffin. They made one of a sort, placed a lid on it and laid it (with the deceased inside) in an empty tent for the night.

Next morning the lid of the coffin was missing. It was afterward found that it had been stolen to make the tailboard of a butcher's cart.

However, in spite of this trifling loss the funeral was conducted with great solemnity. The coffin was much admired. It had been made out of the boxes in which the dynamite was sent to the mines. Some people might have considered that the obsequies were marred by the fact that the coffin bore in large letters on one side the legend "Keep dry," and on the other "Stow away from boilers," but that did not trouble the simple minds of the Tarcooler-ites.—London Tit-Bits.

WORSE THAN WAR.

Infernal Regions of the Buddhists and Mohammedans.

The infernal regions of Buddhism are horrible. They comprise a great hell and 130 lesser hells. In these hells, according to the sculptures of the Buddhist temples, men are ground to powder and their dust turned into ants and fleas and spiders. They are roasted in a mortar. The hungry eat red-hot iron balls. The thirsty drink molten iron.

Islamism says of the infernal regions: "They who believe not shall have garments of fire fitted for them. Molting water shall be poured on their heads and on their skulls, and they shall be beaten with unces of iron."

In the Scandinavian mythology, the mythology of Odin and Thor, we are told that "in Nastrand there is a vast and dreadful structure, with doors that face the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, writhed together like wickwork. But the serpents' heads are turned toward the inside of the hall, and they continuously send forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or forswear themselves."

Her First Poem.

She was one of those soft eyed maidens, sweetly innocent, shy and gentle. She was unaccustomed to newspaper offices, but, being ambitious, she managed to find enough courage to try winning an editor's sympathy, sympathy to be expressed by the acceptance of her poem.

"I have here," she said demurely, "a little verse I've composed. I really don't know what you'll think of it. You may not like it at all, but it's my first—that is, the first I've ever written for a newspaper—and I'd be very pleased indeed if you honestly thought it was good."

The editor kept at his work, now and then scowling, but not at the young woman especially.

"It's about a makken tripping o'er the ice," she continued.

"What was the trouble?" asked the man behind the paper. "Couldn't she lift her feet?"—Philadelphia Times.

Slightly Mixed.

He wasn't good at sounddrums, but when his turn came to ask one at a little social party he thought he could remember a good one he had heard. It was the old riddle:

"Why is a woman like the fry?"

The answer, of course, is the gallant explanation:

"Because the more you're ruined the closer she sticks."

But he got it mixed and asked:

"Why is the fry like a woman?"

None of the ladies present could give an appropriate reply, so he himself ventured this unadroit solution:

"Because the closer it clings the more you're ruined."

Spoiled It For Him.

Mr. Clarke's butler had asked for a night off, for the purpose, as he explained, of attending a ball in the village. The next day Mr. Clarke asked him how he had enjoyed himself.

"Oh, pretty good, sir, thank you," was the response. "It would have been better if it hadn't a-been for the women. I can't abide women at a ball."—New York Press.

A Beautiful Thought.

A little girl absorbed in gazing at the starry skies being asked of what she was thinking said, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious what must the right side be!"

A Threat.

Immature Conductor (to clarinet player)—See here, Mr. Schlag, why don't you follow my beat? Veteran Clarinet (solemnly)—If you don't look owd I will—Puck.

A Surprise.

Gertie—I want to give my sweet-heart a surprise on his birthday. Can you suggest something? Arabel—Well, you might tell him your age.

Forgot Once in Awhile.

The health of the body as well as of the mind depends upon forgetting. To let the memory of a wrong, of angry words, of petty meanness, linger and rankle in your memory will not only dissipate your mental energy, but it will react upon the body. The secretions will be diminished, digestion impaired, sleep disturbed and the general health suffer in consequence. Forgetting is a splendid mental calisthenic and a good medicine for the body.

ARIZONA ROAD RUNNER.

A Soofable Bird That Is Said to Hate a Rattlesnake.

The road runner is one of Arizona's distinctive ornithological institutions. It is a long legged, long billed bird, slender of build and standing some ten inches high. It is not often seen in the farming districts, but is a familiar sight on the desert.

It has gained the name of road runner from its habit of taking the road in front of travelers by day on horseback or wheeled conveyance, and running swiftly or slowly, as occasion requires, showing off its neighborly spirit and running qualities. It is not uncommon for it to keep in company of the traveler for several hundred yards.

No resident of Arizona would kill a road runner. It is firmly believed that the bird is the deadly enemy of that monster of the desert, the rattlesnake. We don't know whether any of our readers ever saw a road runner kill a rattlesnake. If there is an authentic story of such a thing we would be glad to publish it. But the accepted tradition is that the road runner and the rattlesnake are deadly enemies, and that the rattlesnake fears the road runner beyond anything else.

It is told that the bird drives the snake into a coil and then, darting around the serpent like lightning, pecks it to death. Winter truth there may be in the stories of the road runner's accomplishments as a disciple of St. Patrick. It deserves its friendly protection it receives. Its quaint sociability is always a diversion for the homesome desert traveler.—Arizona Republic.

BRAINY BABY.

John Stuart Mill Was a Genius at Three Years of Age.

At three years of age John Stuart Mill began the study of Greek, with "arithmetic as an evening relaxation."

At eight he began Latin, Euclid and algebra and had to act as a tutor to the younger children. He was a stern and efficient tutor.

At twelve he began scholastic logic and political economy—the latter his main life-work.

At fourteen, while paying a long visit to Sir Samuel Bentham in southern France, he learned French as a relaxation from studying two or three hours before breakfast, five hours between breakfast and dinner and two or three in the evening. He was for the time master of his own hours and not subject to a stern father, he took lessons also in his spare hours in music, singing, dancing, fencing and riding, but never became proficient.

At sixteen Mill could speak in debate with adults with ease and freedom. At eighteen he contributed to the Westminster Review. At twenty-one he was made assistant in the Indian office and received a large salary for those days.

But Mill was bald at twenty-two. He did not marry until he was forty-five. He himself said: "I never was a boy. It is better to let nature have its own way."

The Green Flash of Sunset.

One of the most rarely witnessed of natural phenomena, but one that has often been discussed at scientific meetings and that always awakens wonder when seen, is the so called "green flash" occasionally visible at the moment of the disappearance of the sun behind a clear horizon. The observer's eye must be fixed upon the rim of the sun as it disappears in order to catch the phenomenon. One authority tells us that he has seen the green flash, although rarely, at the instant of the setting of a bright star. Among the explanations offered is one based upon the optical principle of complementary colors. If one looks at the sun and then closes the eyes a green disk will be perceived. A sensitive eye might be similarly affected by a brilliant star.—New York Herald.

He Took the Blame.

"The guilty man always gives himself away," said a detective, "for, like the chap who bought the forty-cent bathing suit, he can't hide his guilty conscience. The chap I have in mind entered the water at Atlantic City in a forty-cent suit of blue flannel. As he splashed about he was joined by a girl friend. The girl dived her bright eyes over the tumbling expanse of sea and then with a sigh of delight she said:

"Isn't the water blue today?"

"It's shameful," said the man, with a hot blush: "It's perfectly shameful how this cheap bathing flannel runs!"

How to Look Pleasant.

By her gracious and cordial manner the wife of a Western senator has long charmed those so fortunate as to attend her delightful "functions."

On one such occasion a close friend was alluding to the hostess' graceful method of making every one feel at home. "How on earth do you manage to do it?" the friend asked.

"Oh, it's easy enough," replied the woman with the engaging manner. "As each guest approaches to shake hands I just pretend to myself that the person I am going to speak to is some one I like."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Up the Rhine.

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine? Miss Norich—Just returned from a European trip—I should think so, rich to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

A Brazilian Household Pet.

Brazilian train a snake called the gibola as a rat catcher. It is fifteen feet long, is harmless to the human being, becomes quite a household pet, is lazy in the daytime, but at night roams about the house in quest of its prey—rats. These animals it promptly kills by twisting their necks. When Brazilians have to pass from room to room in the dark they first put on their slippers. It would not be pleasant to plant one's bare feet on a cold, slimy snake of that size.

OLD ENGLISH BOXERS.

Hired to Prevent Trouble at George IV's Coronation.

Boxing was introduced into England in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Its first practitioner being John Broughton, who kept a booth for exhibitions in Tottenham Court road, London, and rules were drawn up Aug. 10, 1743. The vogue was due to the decline of sword combat exhibitions in the reign of George I. Broughton himself was the first who stood in the position of champion, a distinction which he held for eighteen years, but eventually he was knocked out by a butcher named Slack. Broughton was a great pet of the Duke of Cumberland, who took the pugilist with him to Berlin, when he declared himself ready to take on the entire regiment of grenadier guards there "if he were only allowed a breakfast between each two battles."

The English fighter Tom Cribb once secured a very remarkable engagement. Just before the coronation of George IV, certain sympathizers with Queen Caroline bragged that on the day of the coronation they would make matters warm in the neighborhood of Westminster abbey, and this reached the ears of the earl marshal. That high functionary sought an interview with the pugilist "Gentleman" Jackson, who taught Lord Byron to box.

Jackson got together some two dozen bruisers. Besides Cribb, the band included John Gully, in turn fighting man, racing man, colliery proprietor and member of parliament. They were attired as king's pages and gathered about the abbey floors. There was no trouble.—Chicago News.

REINDEER IN LAPLAND.

They Furnish the People With Shelter, Clothing and Food.

Some people have said that the reindeer of the northern regions is to the inhabitants of those countries what the horse, cow and sheep together are to the dwellers in southern lands, and very probably they are right. What would the Laplander be were he deprived of his favorite? How could he travel without his pair of reindeer harnessed to his sleds?

The reindeer has large black hoofs, behind which are false or secondary hoofs; the result is that when running they make a clattering sound, which may be heard a good distance away. The reindeer has much endurance and takes a long journey without seeming tired, though it is only about four and a half feet in height and not very strong. Its horns are long and slender, with branched, rounded antlers, but they are not much used in combat, like those of some other deer.

The largest reindeer are found where the weather is coldest, and their color is lighter. Usually it is brown and white, but in the case of old animals the hair is sometimes quite white. From the skin of the reindeer the Laplanders get not only their clothes, but also bedding and tents; the milk is drunk and made into cheese and the flesh is also good to eat, the tongue and haunches being particularly liked. Pemican, an important article of food, is made by pouring fat over the pounded meat and mixing them well together.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Leech as a Barometer.

A leech confined in a glass jar of water will prove an excellent weather prophet. If the weather is to continue due the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the jar and rolled together in a spiral form. If it is to rain, either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging and there remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind the prisoner wriggles through his limpid habitation with mincing swiftness and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed the leech gives itself up to violent throes and convulsive motions. In frost, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom, and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling on the very mouth of the jar.

African Grosbeaks.

The social grosbeaks of South Africa live in large societies. They select a tree of considerable size and literally cover it with a grass roof, under which their common dwelling is constructed. The roof serves the double purpose of keeping off the heat and the rain, and 400 or 500 pairs of birds are known to have the same shelter. The nests in this aerial dwelling are built in regular streets and closely resemble rows of tenement houses.

A Financial Genius.

"He is a financial genius. In a restaurant the other day he spilled a cup of coffee over a fellow's gray trousers."

"And got out of paying for them, eh?"

"Why, he talked the other fellow into paying for the coffee."

The Man Behind the Message.

The value of a thing depends largely upon who says it. Words may be bullets, but character must be the powder at the back of them to give them projectile force. The man behind the message is as important as the man behind the gun.

Made the Most of It.

A well known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air and stalked out. The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen and wrote "Admit bearer" above the engraved line and went off to the theater.—Argonaut.

A Reproof.

"Oh, children, you are so noisy today. Can't you be a little quieter?" "Now, grandma, you must be more considerate and not scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

LOW CASTE MANGS.

Hindus Not Only Despise Them, They Fear and Hate Them.

By his fellow Hindu the Mang, one of the lowest of all Indian castes, is not only despised, but even feared and hated. A writer in the Times of India says: "To be cruel is to be 'Mang hearted,' to fly into a passion may be expressed in Marathi idiom as having a Mang within one. When on the occasion of an eclipse fears are awakened for the safety of the sun or moon, it is the Mang whose help is sought. He goes among the people claiming their propitiatory gifts, saying: 'Give your gifts that the grasp may be removed. For are not Hindu and Kedu, the enemies who have laid evil hands on the heavenly bodies, themselves Mangs? Similarly, to their recognized relation with 'dark' worship and with subterranean and demonic influences is to be traced the making of offerings to Mang women on Dasera day and the sinister fact that there are few great buildings erected in pre-British days in this part of India that have not—whether they be temples or forts or palaces—Mang victims built into their foundations."

"The peculiar place that these popular superstitions have given to the Mang community is seen especially in the ceremonies that are sometimes performed for the removal of disease. Frequently when some one has fallen ill a Jishi is consulted and explains the illness as due to the influence of some evil spirit. The one effective prescription in such a case is to call a Mang and give him a dinner. This is not by any means an act of friendliness toward a despised community, but has as its object apparently the propitiation of the demonic power and the removal of the source of the disease from the sick man to its proper habitation."

"With this end in view practices of sympathetic magic, which can be paralleled in the folk lore of many peoples, are employed. Portions of the finger nails or, it may be, fragments of hair of the invalid are secretly mixed with the food to be given to the Mang, and before the sugar water of which he is to partake is given to him the sick man must see his face in it. In this way the evil is supposed to be passed back to where it properly belongs and the disease removed."

STAGE REALISM.

Why Jefferson Didn't Have a Dog Schneider in the Flesh.

It was the privilege of the writer years ago to attend a reception at which Joseph Jefferson spoke on the drama. His treatment of the subject was interesting, the utterance of a man who knew the art of which he spoke. But the most interesting part of the hour came after the completion of the formal address, when an opportunity was given to the audience to ask any questions they wished of Mr. Jefferson. Soon the familiar topic was introduced, the effect of the modern elaboration and realism in stage setting. Mr. Jefferson at once rose to the question. He spoke somewhat rapidly, with a quaint humor and sympathetic charm that were irresistible. He characterized the modern fashion of stage setting as "a tribute to the weakness of the human imagination." "I am often asked," he went on, "why I do not have a real dog Schneider. But if I did none of you would be satisfied. You would go home saying, 'Well, Schneider never looked like that dog!' You love Schneider because you have made him out of a piece of your own heart. And then," he continued, "if I had a real Schneider some one in the gallery would probably whistle to him at the critical moment, and he would bark and spoil the play, while if he knew his part perfectly and did just what Schneider ought to do"—pausing and with his delightful smile—"Schneider would be the hero and not Rip!" Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he summed up the whole matter with the quiet remark, "Realism with a tail to wag in the wrong place is a dangerous thing."—New York Post.

Debbling de Crabs.

In the service of a Baltimore family is an old negro cook known as Aunt Sally, and not the least of her achievements is the preparation of sea food.

In the kitchen one day Aunt Sally's nephew, a nine-year-old lad from a popt where crabs are seldom seen, was watching in breathless interest the old lady's devilling of a dish of such crustaceans.

"Aunt," asked he after much reflection upon this mysterious point, "does debill crabs come from de debill?"

"No, chile," promptly responded Aunt Sally, "but dey is de debill to make."—St. Louis Republic.

The President's Oath.

The oath of office taken by the incoming president of the United States is the shortest and the simplest required of any ruler on earth. It is prescribed by the constitution and is as follows:

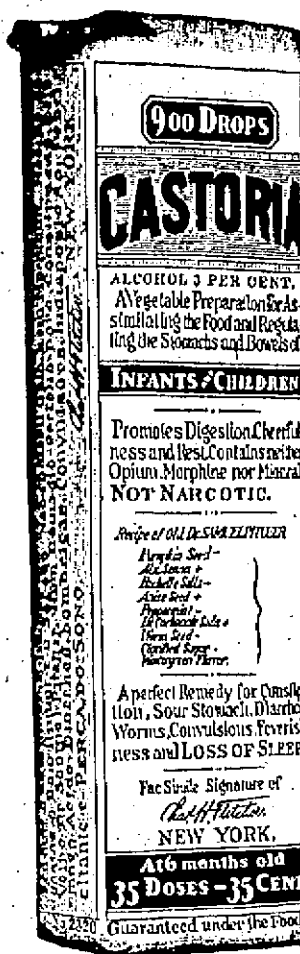
"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and, to the best of my ability, protect, preserve and defend the constitution of the United States."

Her Cooking.

The Doctor—How is your appetite? The Patient—Wretched. The best meal my wife cooks doesn't tempt me. The Doctor—Um—er—do you ever try a meal in a restaurant?—Chillicothe Herald.

Happiness.

"There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amassed and largely swells a debt which sooner or later he must acquit."



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over

Thirty Years CASTORIA

FLED FROM BOREDOM.

The Tale of a Purposely Interrupted Yachting Cruise.

A few seasons back a well known hostess chartered a splendid yacht for August and invited a large number of her friends for a three weeks' cruise. At first all went well, though the party was not especially well assorted, but after a few days they began to evince signs of being somewhat bored with each other's company.

The hostess remarked these signs of incipient boredom, which became more plainly evident each day, and at last in despair she took counsel with one of her guests, an old and experienced yachtsman.

"What on earth shall I do to amuse these people?" she asked.

The yachtsman looked at the serene sky and calm, blue water and shook his head doubtfully.

"A storm would enliven them up a bit," he said, "but the weather looks quite settled. There is only one thing to be done. You must arrange a breakdown; the engineer will manage that all right for you. He has probably often done so before. Then you must make for the nearest port for repairs and let your guests have a run ashore. Some of them, I expect, will find an excuse for bidding you goodbye and those who remain with you will get along all right together."

The hostess took her guest's advice and arrived at Toulon a day later, where only twenty of her guests bid her goodbye.—London M. A. P.

THE PRINCE WINKED.

And Miss Alcott Was at the Other End of the Filtration.

It seems an awful thing, but here is the circumstance on record that Louisa M. Alcott, the saluted author of "Little Women," once publicly flirted with Edward VII. The fact comes out in Mrs. Belle Morse's book, "Louisa May Alcott, Dreamer and Worker." There is a passage in the book which contains Miss Alcott's personal account of the incident. It refers to the time when the late king, then Prince of Wales, made his famous visit to this country.

"I went to Boston," Miss Alcott relates, "and I saw the Prince of Wales trot over the common with his train at review—a yellow haired lad, very like his mother, Fanny W. and I nodded and waved as he passed and he openly winked his boyish eye at us. For Fanny with her yellow curls and wild waving lock rather rowdy, and the poor little prince wanted some fun. We laughed and thought that we had been more distinguished by the saucy wink than by a stately bow. Boys are always jolly—even princes."

By the way, this incident occurred in 1860, when the Prince of Wales was nineteen years old and consequently quite a brother of a boy, and when Miss Alcott—We blush to record it—was twenty-eight.—New York Mail.

The Gold Dust Was There.

North America has counted as a gold producing continent only since the late fifties. But it might well have done so for about 200 years. According to the London Chronicle, in the voyage round the world which began in 1719 the privateer Captain Shiveoke found in certain California valleys "a rich black mold which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold dust. Though we were a little prejudiced," he adds, "against the thought that it could be possible that this mold should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it, and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Too Talkative.

The following story is told of the famous player Markat: The artist was a very passionate chess player, but he did not like his adversary to utter a single word during the progress of a game. A stranger who was very anxious to get on intimate terms with the famous artist thought to be able to achieve his object by means of the royal game. After many tries he succeeded at last in getting an introduction to Markat, and one day the latter consented to play a game with him. Being well aware of the fact that his adversary was very much averse to any talk during the game, not a word was spoken, and even the word "check" was never spoken. All the stranger dared to do was to touch his adversary's king when he put that piece in check. The game ended in Markat being mated, when the stranger rose quietly said "checkmate." Markat rose very excitedly, threw the pieces off the board and, giving his opponent a fierce look, got off his chair, turned his back to the stranger and exclaimed "Prattler!"

Curious Way of Cooling Water.

The average native woman in the interior of Nicaragua may appear enervated and listless, but her method of cooling water is strenuous indeed. She fills a half gallon earthenware jar about two-thirds full. The jar is made of baked clay and, not being glazed, is partially porous, so that it soon becomes moist on the outside. By means of two leathern straps firmly attached to the neck of the jar the woman causes the same to rotate swiftly in the air. The mouth is wide open, but the centrifugal motion keeps the water from flying out. The endurance shown by the Nicaraguan women of the poorer class in this form of calisthenics is said to be marvellous. When, in the opinion of the operator, the water is sufficiently cooled she stops the movement by a dexterous twist of her wrist and hands the jar to the person that has been waiting to quench his thirst. By this process tepid water can be reduced to the temperature of a very cool mountain spring.—New York Press.

An Unmanned Lightship.

There is stationed off the island of Islay, on the west coast of Scotland, at the Outer rock an interesting lightship. It is unmanned, yet it can be relied on to display the warning light to guide the mariner on this dangerous coast. It is a very ingeniously constructed vessel and the only one of its kind. In its two steel tanks sufficient gas can be stored to supply the vessel for several months. Experiments have shown that the light may be depended upon to burn continuously for months at a time. The approximate duration of the light can always be predetermined, and there is no danger whatever of the light being extinguished by wind or spray. The light is visible at a distance of from eight to twelve miles. The lightship also has a bell, which is made to ring automatically by means of an ingenious device that utilizes the gas as it passes from the tanks to the lantern to work the bell clapper.—Harper's Weekly.

Always a Harvest Somewhere.

There is a harvest every month during the year, as follows: January—Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Chile; February—India; March—India, upper Egypt; April—Mexico, Cuba, lower Egypt, Syria, Persia, Asia Minor; May—North Africa, China, Japan and the southern United States of America; June—Mediterranean and southern France, central and east United States of America south of 40 degrees; July—France, Austria, Hungary, southern Russia, northern United States of America, Ontario and Quebec; August—England, Belgium, Netherlands, Germany, east Canada; September—Scotland, Sweden, Norway, Russia; October—Finland and northern Russia; November—Peru, South Africa; December—Burma, South Australia. It is a complete table and shows how the wheat supply pours into England during every month of the year.—English Agricultural Journal.

MEASURES ALTITUDES.

The Use of the Barograph on Aeroplanes and Balloons.

What the compass is to the mariner the barograph is to the aviator. The barograph is an instrument for measuring altitudes. The pressure of the air as it increases or decreases causes a delicate needle to trace a wavy line upon a cylinder which revolves by clockwork. This line indicates not only the exact height that is reached by the aviator, but also the speed at which he is traveling.

The barograph is kept in a weather proof box with a glass front, which is attached to a bar of the aeroplane or to a rope on the balloon. It is officially sealed before the aviator embarks, so there is no possibility of tampering with it, and the seal is taken off in the presence of witnesses at the end of the flight. In this way it is possible to establish absolutely and graphically the altitude which an aviator attains in his aeroplane or balloon. It is necessary for the aviator to watch the barograph constantly, as it indicates a change in the elevation almost to the foot. The sky pilot has to keep his eye on the indicator much as the man at the wheel of the sailing ship watches his compass. Should the aeroplane or the balloon rise or fall ten or twenty feet the aviator would not be conscious of it unless he looked at the wavering needle tracing its permanent record on a chart before him. This tells him immediately of any changes in the nature of the air currents and gives him timely warning of aerial dangers.

These instruments are so delicate and so accurate, it is said, that a man might, long one of them about his neck in his glass case or carry it in his hand and climb a flight of stairs, the height of his ascent being graphically indicated by the inked needle on the machine.—New York Press.

A CAREFUL MAN.

His Indecision in the Matter of Employing a Doctor.

The pursuance of the old New Englander of the type now almost vanished was nobly exemplified in Mr. Benny Huntington, who lived with his maiden sister in a little town in western Massachusetts. Neither had ever spent a penny unnecessarily and when in his old age Mr. Benny became crippled with "the rheumatism" and had, as well, strange flutterings of the heart, which were unrelieved by the best recommended "yarb teas," they were greatly shocked at the suggestions and warnings of their friends and neighbors that they ought to send for a doctor. Mr. Benny refused, declared his scorn of the entire medical profession and continued to save his pennies.

But the pain grew worse. Mr. Benny was confined to his bed in great agony and overheard some of the neighbors telling his sister that he was going to die. Then he sent for an old schoolmate, a man as "careful" as himself.

"Josiah," he asked, in a low, confidential tone, "have you ever had a doctor?"

Josiah shook his head. "Dunno as I have," he answered.

Mr. Benny reached out and laid a trembling hand upon his old friend's arm. "Josiah," he asked again, "did you ever hear how much one of them doctors charges for a visit?"

Josiah looked at his suffering friend with pitying sympathy. "Well," he said, breaking it as gently as he could—"well, I have heard, Benny, that they charge as much as \$2 a visit."

"Two dollars!" Mr. Benny repeated. "Two dollars!" Then he snuck back on his pillow and sighed in a voice of strangely mingled relief, regret and resignation. "Well, I dunno but I'd rather spend \$5 than die!"—Youth's Companion.

The Licorice Plant.

The licorice plant resembles a rose with a single green stem, reaches a height of about three feet and bears a small purple star shaped flower. The first year's root growth resembles a loosely twisted string of tow and may run to twenty feet in length. The second year it assumes a woody substance when dry, and the third year it acquires its commercial value. The time for digging the root is the winter, when it is dried and crushed under heavy stones drawn round on it by mules, much as olives are crushed to extract their oil.

Queer Kaffir Custom.

Kaffir women will not pronounce their husband's names or even use words which contain the emphatic syllable of those names. One old woman, being taught to say the Lord's prayer, changed the word from "come" in "Thy kingdom come" to something that made nonsense, and it proved that the proper "come" word was the main syllable of her husband's name.

Proving His Contentment.

"Jones is an optimist, even in the most discouraging circumstances, isn't he?"

"Why, no. His mother-in-law is slightly indisposed, and he thinks there's no hope for her recovery."

"Well, what did I tell you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Chess In Ancient Ceylon.

In ancient Ceylon the game of chess was played with local variations peculiar enough to note. The king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable on the last row for the pieces on whose row they stand.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.

By Comparison.

Singletown—I understand you had a pretty lively time at the club last night, Wednesday—I thought so until I got home.—Boston Transcript.

Virtue is like a rich jewel—best plain set.—Bacon.

Oh, life! An age to the miserable, a moment to the happy.—Bacon.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the battery you will answer "south," if up Broadway you will answer "north," toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastward at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastward on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 270,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega." Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

A MAN'S GLOVE.

In the Old Days It Served as Proxy For Its Owner.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people as it is now by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him! That's all!" So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O."

"Have ye, now?" retorted the witness.

"Pon my soul, it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Why He Was on Time.

Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait."

"I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet. "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults!"

Spoiled the Evening For Her.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"

"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Remember, son," said Uncle Eben, "you must have judgement as well as enthusiasm. Good intentions is responsible for some of the worst slops in de choir!"—Washington Star.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

The following poem, written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe after visiting one of the battlefields of the Civil War, is the most famous of her many literary works.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the great lightning of his wrath
And it is kindling to the east;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-tower of a burnt-
red ruined temple,
They were his people, his people in the
avenues and camps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
recess of steel,
"As ye tread the vipers, tread them, so with
you a grave shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be
swift, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With glory to the bottom that transfigures
our earth;
And he did make men holy, let us do
his will;
Our God is marching on.

Bits of Unwritten Masonic History.

The lodge had been called from labor to refreshment and the Secretary had passed the cigars.

"Less light up," said King Solomon, approaching one of the altar lights.

"Yes, less," said Hiram, King of Tyre, and the other Hiram, in due, as they tickled the other two lights.

"In honor of this occasion," said King Solomon, "let the altar lights be known to future generations as the lesser lights."

"What if we do without hats?" asked the brethren at the assembling of the first lodge.

"I've got a peg to hang mine on," said King Solomon, "but you fellows had better leave your tiles with the doorkeepers."

Seeing that his orders were obeyed, he directed that thereafter through all the ages the doorkeepers of lodges should be known as tileers.

"What is the cause of the confusion among the workmen?" asked King Solomon, as the sound of pounding assailed his ears.

"Some of the trestle boards got knocked apart and fell down," said the King of Tyre, "but the boys are setting 'em up again."

"Then let the wooden hammer with which they are doing it be henceforth known as setting mauls," said King Solomon.

As he was accustomed to being obeyed, protest was useless.

"Why can't some animal furnish material for our aprons instead of these gunnybags?" asked Solomon, King of Israel, as he gazed meditatively at his traveling bag.

"If any of 'em kin the lambakin," suggested Hiram, King of Tyre, with his customary levity.

The Grand Master frowned down the rising anger, but the suggestion was adopted nevertheless.—Masonic Disciple.

Made Him Sick.

The Chevy Chase caddies are still chuckling over a story about President Taft.

The President one afternoon played rather badly. He turned to his caddy after he had fooled a drive and said in his glib way:

"This isn't a pleasant spectacle for you, I'm sure, as a Scotch lord at St. Andrews."

"The St. Andrews caddies are all old men, and one day when this lady was in especially bad form his caddy, after nine holes of missed shots and putts, shook his old gray head, surrendered the lady's bag of clubs to another caddy and said:

"Ye'll no mind, laird? I made but a poor breakfast this mornin', and I'm not in a condition to stand any mair o' it!"—Washington Star.

It Wouldn't Sound Well.

An English north country paper frowns upon the known ambition of the mayor of its town to be made a knight for his distinguished services in receiving royalty and narrates for the benefit of the aspirant this anecdote: When Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher, was sounded on the subject of receiving knighthood, he said:

"Nae, nae; it wadna doo. You see," he added, "if a boy can into me's shop and said, 'A ba'penny o' slate penell, Sir Adam,' it wadna sound weel."

A Change.

"We must economize," he said peremptorily.

"I'm so glad!" his wife exclaimed. "You take the announcement more good-naturedly than usual."

"Yes; it's pleasant to hear you use the plural pronoun. Ordinarily when there is any economizing needed you expect me to do it all."

Willing to Compromise.

"Willie, if you will promise not to eat another piece of candy for a month I'll give you a dollar."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, pa. I'll compromise with you."

"You will compromise with me? What do you mean?"

"Give me 50 cents and I'll only eat half as much as I've been eating!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

When the Loss Was Felt.

Wife (on returning home after a long visit)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me much while I was away, Mary? Maid—Well, mum, I didn't notice that he felt your absence much at first, but this last day or two he has certainly seemed very downhearted, mum.

Defined.

The pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity and gleans when the fruit falls on his head.—Success Magazine.

Since the earthquake and fire at San Francisco 9,800 buildings have been erected and 4,000 others remodeled. The disaster destroyed 28,000 buildings.

There is one time, at least, when stinginess is admitted; the stinginess of the light on the program who refused to respond to encourage.

The Colonel's Investment.

Col. Germany of Fort Scott a number of years ago made a trip up from Oklahoma to Caldwell with an agent of the insurance company of which the colonel is a stockholder. They stopped for a meal at the Caldwell eating house and when they finished and went up to the cashier's desk the agent reached into his pocket for his money. A blank look came over his face. He didn't have a cent and told Col. Germany so. The latter promptly saw an opportunity to play a joke and acted the part of a perfect stranger to his agent.

"Loan me 75 cents, please," asked the agent of the Colonel.

"Well, I guess not," replied Germany. "I never saw you before in my life, man. Loan you 75 cents? You can't work me in that way. Not for a minute. That don't go with me."

The agent of course was perplexed and almost knocked off his feet. His face was a study. After Germany let him suffer for a while he handed him a \$5 bill.

After they left Caldwell to go further north and were on the train the agent tried to sell Germany some stock in a Chautauque well. The colonel balked for a minute but suddenly snitten with an idea said, "All right, sell me \$5 worth."

The agent sold it to him and the colonel has ever since been drawing 15 cents a month on his \$5 investment.—Kansas City Journal.

The Can Opener.

Speaker Cannon at Valley Forge defended the milder forms of profanity with wit.

"These not irreverent cuss words," said he, "act as a safety valve. A man, out for thorn, might do shocking things—smash the piano, scissor the porcupine."

Speaker Cannon lighted a fresh cigar.

"So many things in the home," he said, "incite a man to—er—let off steam. There's opening cans, for instance—opening these new-fangled cans with patent openers that are always getting lost."

"A Detroit man was letting off steam terribly the other day as he opened one of these patent cans. His wife, tired of the noise, called from the next room:

"What are you opening, that can with dear?"

"The can opener of course," he replied.

"Oh, said she. 'I thought you were opening it with prayer.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Postoffice Inspectors.

Special agents of the postoffice department are traveling about the country, dropping in on newspaper offices when least expected to examine subscription lists, to ascertain if the regulations requiring the payment of subscription is being observed.

It is dangerous business for a newspaper publisher to send papers to subscribers who are more than twelve months in arrears. To be deprived of the second class mailing privilege, which is the penalty for noncompliance with the ruling, puts a newspaper out of business, for the expense of putting a one cent stamp on every paper mailed amounts to much more than the entire subscription business, to say nothing of the increased amount of labor for affixing the stamps.

Olive Oil to Remove Chider.

The man with the chider in his eye was suffering great pain. Every one had a different method of relief to suggest, but nothing had the desired effect. At length one of the bystanders procured a little olive oil from the larder. This was poured into the eye and relief was instant. "I learned that method of dealing with chiders while aboard," said the bystander, "and I guess it is about as effective as anything after all."

Collecting Arrears.

"Cascarella," he said, "is it all over between us?"

"Yes, Geoffrey, it is all over. Henceforth we are merely friends."

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll take back that diamond ring."

The lovely maiden frowned.

"No, Geoffrey," she said; "you didn't give me this ring until we had been engaged six months. I'll wear it six months longer, if you please."

The Retort.

Mrs. Bizzy—I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might throw your rubbish out on the back lot. We don't do that sort of thing here.

Mrs. Newcome—I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning. Mrs. Bizzy, including a book on "Etiquette" which I might have saved for you.—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Even Break.

"Do plain girls or pretty girls do better in business?"

"It's about a toss-up. The plain girls don't make so many mistakes, but nobody kicks about the blunders the pretty girls make!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ever Faithful.

"He's always wanting to borrow money from me."

"A fair-weather friend merely."

"Oh, no; he has also borrowed several umbrellas!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Sore Voice.

Ready's mamma was so hoarse one morning that she could scarcely speak.

"Why, mamma," said the little fellow, "what a sore voice you've got!"

Hard Featured Woman—"So you had money once, had you? May I ask you how you made your first thousand dollars?"

Tufford Knott (wiping his eye with his coat sleeve)—Ma'am, I dreamt it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Photographer—For twelve dollars a dozen, madam, I can give you an exact likeness of yourself.

Customer—Well, I'd like something a little better than that.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Caught Trespassing—"You accuse this aviator of trespassing in your garden?"

"Yes, judge, I caught him among my air currents."—N. Y. Herald.

In China even in the modern Shanghai, the motor will continue to be the scotch, hire 8 to 10 cents a day.

Brought Up Hot Water.

The steamship was speeding over sea with a record breaking list of passengers when one of the gay, young and quivering girls who are found on every trip skipped up to the captain and asked:

"Captain are we really going fast? It seems as if we were just crawling."

"Fast," answered the captain gruffly, "of course we're going fast. With nothing to see but water and sky you can't judge our speed, but, my dear young lady, the friction of the boat is so great it makes the water hot aft."

"I don't believe it," giggled the girl, and the captain, with a great show of indignation, called for a rope and bucket to prove his words. These brought, he thought the girl down aft of the vessel directly under the drainpipes of the galley, where hot water runs all day, and brought it up smoking, to the astonishment of the awkward girl.

A long, lean Yankee who had been watching the performance then came forward and drawed. "Say cap, that must make you change your course mighty often."

"Change my course?" blustered the captain. "What would I change my course for?"

"Well," said the Yankee slowly, "so darn much friction as that must—er—the ocean out mighty quick!"—Philadelphia Times.

The Same Old Feeling.

A young Louisville man who was out west too long ago has returned, telling a yarn which he admits is at his expense, but which he declares to be about one of the most interesting experiences of even his checkered career.

"I was walking along the street in a western town," he said, "when suddenly across the way I saw a Louisville girl whom I recognized immediately. She saw me, too, and I expected her to bow rather coolly and

defiantly, as had been her wont back home. I was considerably astounded, therefore, when she dashed across the street, seized me with both hands and fairly bubbled over in her delight. I was so surprised in fact, that I commented on it."

"I'm glad to see you, too," I said, when I had managed to extricate myself from her exuberant greeting, but to tell you the truth, I hadn't expected to see you so excited over my appearance. You always treated me rather as a foreigner at home, you know; what has caused your change of heart?"

"She was disappointed for only a moment, and then explained: 'Mr. Smith, I've been away from home so long that I'd be glad to see even a dog if he came from Kentucky!'"

"I let it go at that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Utilitarian.

In one of the Philadelphia public schools is a girl whose forefathers held that the principal aim of the life of a woman is marriage. This little girl is well up in most of her studies, except geography. The other day her teacher sent her mother to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next few days showed no improvement, and the teacher asked whether she had delivered the note.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"What did your mother say?"

"She said that she didn't know geography and she got married, and she got married, and you haven't got married!"—November Lippincott's.

Hard Indeed.

During a social function in Washington, where one of the guests was a young man in Uncle Sam's consular service in the east, the conversation chanced to touch upon the cheapness of human life in China.

One young lady was horrified to learn from the consular officer that a Chinese condemned to death may find a substitute to die in his place.

"How awful!" exclaimed the tender-hearted young woman. "Do you know, I've heard of that before; and I understand that many a poor fellow in China earns his living by acting as a substitute in that horrible way!"—November Lippincott's.

Waiting for Her.—"Look here, Maria, if you don't hurry and get dressed, the first thing you know your gown will be out of style!"—Harper's Weekly.

When a girl jilts one man and marries another, the one who was jilted generally gets over it sooner.

Despite the fact that money is supposed to be filthy lucre, many a man has cleaned up a fortune.

We suppose we have wretched taste; any way, we don't care for Scotch dialect.

Mrs. Winslow's Southern Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children's coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a sure remedy for all these troubles. It is a sure remedy for all these troubles. It is a sure remedy for all these troubles.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Name and date must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Write on one side of the paper only.
4. Write legibly.
5. Give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the initials.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its initials.

Direct all communications to:
Miss M. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1910.

NOTES.

WAR OF 1812.—The following list of rolls of War of 1812, in possession of the State of Rhode Island, may be interesting to those in search of data concerning this period.

MUSTER ROLLS.

Capt. John Burlington, 1st. co., 1st. reg't. R. I., Detached militia, stationed at Newport, Lt. Col. Isaac Shaw, commanding; U. S. ser. July 6-19, 1814. 62 names.

Capt. Perry Cook, 2d. co., Infantry; 10th. reg't., Aug. 14-27, 1814. 62 names.

Capt. George B. Sweet, 1st. co., 1st. Middletown 1st. reg't. Aug. 1-14, 1814. 61 names.

Capt. Samuel Warren, Company of Infantry, 10th. reg't. July 19, Aug. 1, 1814. 65 names.

Capt. Welcomes Cole's co., R. I. Light Infantry; U. S. ser. Oct. 8, Dec. 18, 1814.

PAY ROLLS.

Four Companies of Detached Militia: Capt. John Burlington, 1st. co., 10th. reg't., stationed Breuners Neck, Newport, July 6-19, 1814. 62 names.

Ensign Jesse Anthony of Portsmouth militia.

Ensign George Sweet of Middletown militia, 1st. reg't., Newport, Aug. 1, 1814.

Lt. Benjamin Almy of Portsmouth.

Capt. Perry Cook's 2d. co., 10th. reg't., Aug. 14-27, 1814. 62 names.

Lt. Benjamin Shearman, militia co. 10th. reg't., Aug. 14-27, 1814.

Ensign, Robert Weagato, 2d. co., 10th. reg't., Aug. 14-27, 1814.

Capt. Samuel Warren's 3rd. co., 10th. reg't., July 19, Aug. 2, 1814.

Capt. Welcomes Cole, 1st. co., 1st. Inf., Aug. 14-27, 1814; Nov. Oct. 1814. 48 names, same for Nov. & part of Dec. 1814. 48 names.

Capt. John Wood's co., July 30, Aug. 31, 1814. 101 names.

RUMBLE ROLLS.

Capt. A. S. Coe's co., from Aug. 1, Sept. 30, 1814. 60 names.

Sept. 1, Oct. 1, 1814. 74 names.

Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814. 98 names.

Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815. 101 names.

Capt. William Cole's co., Oct. 1, 31, 1814. 48 names.

Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814. 48 names.

Capt. John Gladding's co., July 22, Aug. 31, 1814. 81 names.

Sept. 1, Dec. 31, 1814. 78 names.

Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815. 72 names.

Capt. Benjamin Pearce's co., Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814. 102 names.

Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815. 57 names.

R. I. STATE TROOPS.

SUMMER ACCOUNTS.

Lt. Samuel H. Black, Newport, Aug. 23, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814. Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. Jas. Barker, Newport, Aug. 2, 31, Sept. 1, Oct. 31, 1814.

Capt. Adam S. Coe, Newport, Aug. 14, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 31, 1814.

Lt. Benjamin T. Coe, Newport, Aug. 10, 31, Sept. 1, Oct. 31, 1814.

Lt. John O. Cook, Providence, Aug. 6, 31; Sept. 1, Dec. 31, 1814.

Lt. Jas. Easton, Newport, Aug. 10, 31; Sept. 1, Oct. 31, 1814.

Surgeon-Mate, Dr. John Easton, forage clerk, etc., Aug. 27, Oct. 31; Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Capt. John Gladding Providence, July 22, Aug. 31; Sept. 1, Dec. 31, 1814.

St. William Henry July 22, Dec. 31, 1814.

Lt. Stephen Greene Jr., Providence, Aug. 1, 1814, Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. Sylvester Harrison Providence, Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. John Hull, Newport, Aug. 10, Sept. 30; Oct. 1, 31, 1814.

Lt. Benjamin Pierce, Newport, Aug. 8, 31, 1814; promoted to captain Sept. 28, 1814.

Lt. Geo. O. Shaw, Newport, Aug. 10, Sept. 30; Oct. 1, 31, 1814.

Lt. William Tilley, Newport, Aug. 10, Sept. 30; Oct. 1, 31, 1814.

Lt. Jas. Barker, Art. Oct. 31, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. Richard Bowen, Newport Oct. 11, Dec. 31, 1814.

Ensign Edward G. Brown, Capt. Coe's co. Inf. July 25, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 11; Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Capt. A. S. Coe, Inf. Ft. Adams Nov. 4, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. Benjamin Coe, Art. Ft. Adams Oct. 31, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Capt. Welcome Cole & Subalterns Lt. Inf. U. S. ser. R. I. State Corps.

Lt. Jas. Easton Art. Light Corps; U. S. Ft. Adams Oct. 31, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Capt. John Gladding Jan. 15, Feb. 22, 1815.

Lt. John Hull Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Ser't-Major Michael Moulton, Dec. 17, 31, 1814; promoted from ser't in Capt. Coe's co. Dec. 16, 1814; ser't. Jan. Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. Benjamin Pearce Art. U. S. ser. Newport Sept. 1, Oct. 31, 1814; Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Ensign William Randall Newport Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814.

Lt. Abner Read, Ft. William Henry Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. Joseph Smith Newport Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814.

Capt. John Wood, of Art. July 30, Sept. 18, 1814; major, U. S. ser., Jan. 1, Feb. 28, 1815.

Lt. William Tilley Art. Ft. Adams Nov. 1, Dec. 31, 1814; Jan. 15, Feb. 28, 1815.

QUERIES.

6317. Rogers—Jeremiah (S) Rogers (Thomas, (2) James (1).

Dec. 17, 1712, Received land to West-erly from his brother James and wife,

Elizabeth, in consideration of love and good will.

April 18, 1720, Jeremiah Rogers and Mary, his wife, sell above named land to William James.

July 4, 1748, Isaac of the squadron to work on highways in Richmond.

July 2, 1760, do.

Aug. 21, 1760, Buys land in Exeter.

July 1, 1761, is on the highway quadron of Richmond, with his son Jeremiah.

Feb. 25, 1762, Bella land in Exeter, bounded in part by land of Jeremiah Rogers Jr., and by land of Jeremiah Rogers Sr., in Isaac Rogers.

Sept. 24, 1763, Buys land of Jonathan Foster, in Exeter, and he and his wife, Mary, mortgage it the same day to John Foster.

June 24, 1764, Jeremiah Rogers of Exeter, ordered by the town council of Richmond to dislodge a house in Richmond, of small pox.

July 1, 1764, Robert Moore appointed to go and see Jeremiah Rogers house and not to suffer him to go into any house by the way and before he burns into his own house see that he burns his clothes and wash his head. Voted to pay him (Jeremiah) fourteen pounds for his services.

Feb. 22, 1765, Bella land bounded in part by land of Isaac Rogers, to Jeremiah Rogers of Newport.

Would like to learn the name of the wife of Jeremiah (S) Rogers; also maiden name and ancestry of Patience, wife of Jeremiah (S).

Jeremiah (4) Rogers (Jeremiah (S), Thomas (2), James (1).

April 17, 1745, Admitted freeman of Middletown.

May 14, 1746, Petit Juror of do.

Oct. 30, 1748, Ordered out of Tiverton.

July 1, 1761, is of the Richmond quadron on highways.

Feb. 22, 1765, Jeremiah Rogers of Newport buys land of Jeremiah of Exeter. (land in Exeter)

Sept. 4, 1765, Jeremiah and Patience, his wife, sell land in Exeter.

April 21, 1768, Propounded freeman of Newport.

July 4, 1769, Patience, widow of Jeremiah Rogers, late of Newport, is appointed administratrix on his estate.

Names of children of Patience and Jeremiah copied on papers found in Tiverton, from Middletown records.

Thomas, b. May 9, 1769.

Mary, b. Mar. 16, 1740.

Elizabeth, b. Aug. 7, 1743.

Martha, b. Nov. 23, 1745.

Ruth, b. July 22, 1747.

James, b. Nov. 9, 1740.

Richmond births and marriages have the following:

Benjamin Rogers, son of Jeremiah Jr., and Patience Rogers, was born April 8, 1762.

The Newport records have the marriage of Jeremiah Rogers and Patience Huxley, March 5, 1763, and also the following:

Martha Rogers of Newport, married July 31, 1760, Sarah Colvin, dau. of Melahel Colvin, of Newport.

Patience, widow of Jeremiah Rogers, died Sept. 23, 1802, aged 85, Mt. Bnp. Church, Newport.—J. L.

UPRISING IN MINDANAO

Troops Are Being Rushed to Hotbed of Philippine Insurgency

Manila, P. I., Oct. 27.—All available United States soldiers have been ordered to southwestern Mindanao, where two bands of Manobo tribesmen are in revolt on the west coast of Davao. A number of planters, including Carl Gerr, an American, have been killed. Brigadier General Pershing has left to command the reinforcement.

Mindanao is the southernmost of the Philippine Islands. Davao forms the southern division. Zamboanga, the military headquarters, is 200 miles by sea from the scene of the outbreak.

Mindanao has been the hotbed of insurgency ever since the islands proclaimed allegiance to the United States.

Young Hunter Kills a Boy

Greenville, R. I., Oct. 26.—While handling a shotgun preparatory to going hunting, Harry Wade, 15 years old, shot and instantly killed Clinton Russell, 5 years old. In some unexpected manner the gun was discharged.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by Francis Black, of the City of Newport, in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, to the Savings Bank of Newport, a City and County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, bearing date August 14, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Mortgage Book 706, which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Fitchell David, there having been breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, I, the undersigned hereby give notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

SACHEL DAVID,
Assignee of the Mortgagee.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

\$40. to \$150. DISCOUNT.

The chance to save money was never so good as at our

Fifteenth Annual Sale

OF

RENTED PIANOS.

which ends OCTOBER 31st.

Every piano delivered with stool and cover, kept in order one year and fully guaranteed.

Cash or Easy Payments.

You Must Act Quickly.

BARNEY'S

Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

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To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies (traveling alone this is a great advantage). The trains are splendidly equipped—ventilated buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS

Daily, Sundays included.

Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. The Washington at 8:45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.

For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

\$3.15

For as little as the special Titus price of \$3.15 you have never yet had the Table question settled so economically. We ourselves are a little surprised that we can make the cost so low and yet the table is here in

Quartered Oak

OR IN

Imitation Mahogany

With shaped top 24 by 24 inches and a special bolted construction which assures satisfactory wear to the owner. It will well repay you to seek out a place for the table even if none at the moment exists, because of the price, it is well worth while to take quick advantage of the offering.

Glad to have you come and look at this worthy example of Titus value.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

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A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

Many times telephone service is ordered for a special purpose, perhaps to keep in close touch with a physician, why wait for an emergency demand for service. Telephone service is your best friend in hundreds of ways all the time.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 141 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Carr's List.

THE GREEN PATCH, You Hutton

TWICE BORN MEN, By Harold Beagle

A RECONSTRUCTED MARRIAGE, By Amelia E. Barr

NO MAN'S LAND, By Louis J. Vance

THE LONELY LOVERS, By Lewis

HIS HOUR, —ALSO— By Elmer Glynn

A Nice Line of "Halloween" Cards, Post Cards and Place Cards.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, }
Newport, August 23d, A. D. 1910.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1821 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, do hereby give notice for the County of Newport, on the first day of August, A. D. 1910, and returnable in said Court, November 1st, A. D. 1910, upon a Judgment rendered by said Court on the twenty-fourth day of May, A. D. 1910, in favor of the William E. Barrett Company, a corporation of Rhode Island, doing business in the City of Providence, in said State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Allen W. Littlefield, and Western Realty and Improvement Company, in said County of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 2 o'clock past 3 o'clock p. m., listed the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Allen W. Littlefield, had at the time of this levy (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: One certain tract or parcel of land, situated in said County of Newport, in said State of Rhode Island, and bounded and described as follows: To wit: Northernly on land formerly owned by said defendant, Western Realty and Improvement Company, and partly on land of John Hayes, Southernly on land of Isaac Littlefield, and Westernly on land of Isaac Littlefield and Charles Littlefield, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, at 2 o'clock past 3 o'clock p. m. for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of sale, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if any.

FRANK L. DELOIS, Deputy Sheriff.

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